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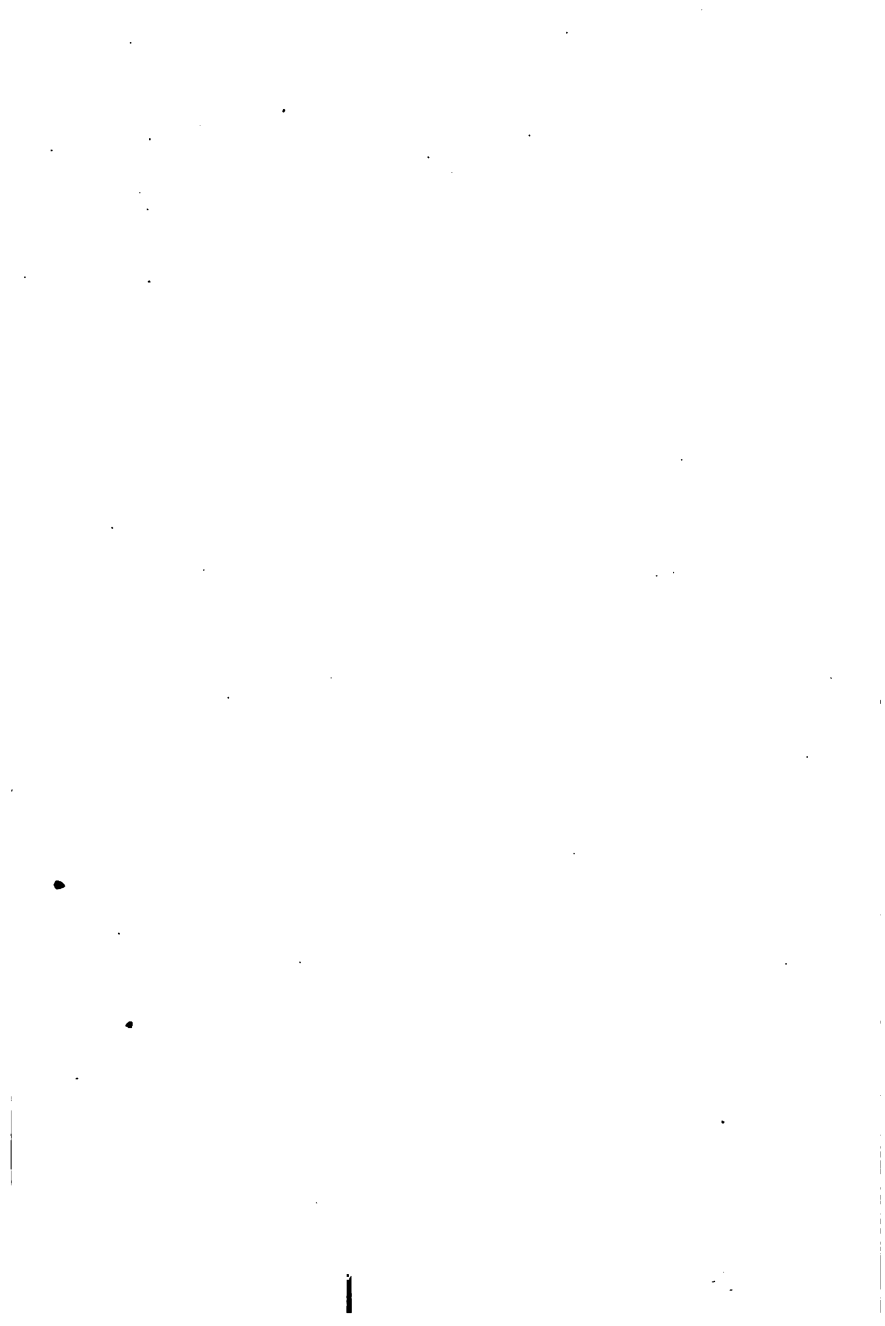
LAMELESS KNIGHTS



VISCOUNTESS ENFIELD



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BLAMELESS KNIGHTS.







WALLENSTEIN AND THE ASTROLOGER.

AMELESS KNIGHTS

CITIZEN AND LA VENER.

THE
SUSSEX

CHARLES G. GIBBS

1890

237. C. 40/1.



WALLENSTEIN AND THE ASTROLOGER.

BLAMELESS KNIGHTS

OR,

LÜTZEN AND LA VENDÉE.

By *Harriet Frederica Bynne,*
VISCOUNTESS ENFIELD.

‘He was a verray perfight gentil knight.’

Chaucer’s Prologue.



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1876.

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TO
MY GREAT-NIECE AND GOD-DAUGHTER,
LADY ALICE EGERTON,

I Dedicate

THESE HISTORICAL TALES.

A maiden fair, scarce twelve years old,
An Alice Egerton like you,
Once learnt the story Milton told
Of Comus and his midnight crew.
Two hundred years are past and gone
Since she, thy namesake, dearest child,
Trod Ludlow's fairy glades alone,
Astray amid its woodlands wild.
Good spirits kept her free from harm
And safely brought her home again,
Her maiden purity the charm
Which guarded her from every stain.
And so around my darling's head
Good angels watch with tenderest care,
And where her fairy footsteps tread
No evil thing may venture there.

ALICE H., F. ENFIELD.

August 17th, 1875.



SCENES AND SKETCHES
FROM
THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.



SCENES AND SKETCHES

FROM

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

INTRODUCTION.

'I SAY, Rochester.'

'Well, Otho, what *do* you say?'

'Why, I wish people who write history would copy this style a little more,' holding up the book as he spoke.

'What is the book? "Old Mortality?" why, what do you mean, old fellow?'

'"Old Mortality" is a novel, isn't it?' asked another voice in rather a pretty foreign accent.

'Yes! yes, it is, and of course I don't mean what I say literally; but the historical description of Claverhouse and the battle of Loudon Hill is so good, it gives one a so much better idea of it all than the dry short accounts of historians.'

‘But, Otho, my boy, that account is not strictly veracious ; Dick Graham, the cornet who was killed, was not Claverhouse’s nephew a bit, you know.’

‘Well, well, I know he wasn’t, but what does that signify ? you know quite well what I mean, and I know you agree with me, though you won’t say so.’

‘Yes, I think I do know what you mean, Otho, though I can’t say you express yourself very clearly. You think historians should give us an insight into their heroes’ motives and feelings as well as relate their bare actions.’

‘Exactly ; and tell us what they said and thought.’

‘I heard somebody say once that the conversation between Claverhouse and Henry Morton near the end of the book gives one the best idea possible of Claverhouse’s character,’ struck in another of the party.

‘Yes ! well,’ said the wise Rochester, ‘the truth is, you want historians to draw a good deal on their imaginations ; but how if they have got none to draw upon ?’

‘Then they should not attempt to write history,’ promptly replied Otho.



'It would be rather good fun,' said the young foreigner, 'to try and write history as if it was a novel.'

'Oh, yes!' cried Otho. 'Rochester shall do it, and read it to us afterwards.'

'You mean that I should write you a history as if it was a fiction?'

'Yes, Rochester,' chimed in a pretty little girl who had been listening attentively to the discussion; 'it will be something like Macaulay's history.'

'You sarcastic child, where did you pick up that sentiment? as if you were promoted to read Macaulay too.'

'Everybody knows that Hilda is an awful Jacobite,' observed Robert.

'Be quiet, Robert. But seriously, Rochester,' said Otho, 'I really think the first thing that made me like history was a little book called *Anecdotes of Kings*. I remember there was the famous duel in the reign of Gustavus Adolphus, that every one knows, worked up into a story. I recollect being delighted to find afterwards from history that the foundation of the story was true.'

'Yes, I know the story you mean, and I'll tell you what I'll do for the amusement of you young

ones' (Otho, twelve years old, drew up his head)—
'I will write for you *Scenes from the Thirty Years' War*;' it is a jolly time to write about, and I'll invent conversations for my heroes, or rather put what they did say, or might be supposed to have said, in the form of dialogue, and touch up my scenes with a few imaginary details; but the personages themselves shall all be historical, and I won't send them off on imaginary enterprises, and I will have no fictitious names, except where I want one for a page or servant here and there.'

'Good, good!' cried two or three voices. 'Do, Rochester; it will be as jolly as any of your stories of knights and battles.'

'Stop; let us see what our Swedish cousins say to the arrangement. Come, Henrik and Rollo, shall you like this for an after-tea occupation on Saturday evenings?'

'Oh, certainly!' responded the young foreigners; 'the *Thirty Years' War* concerns our country rather.'

'Yes,' cried Robert, 'and see if Rochester does not make a great deal of *Gustavus Adolphus*; he is such a hero of his.'

'So he is of mine,' said the blue-eyed Hilda.

'I suggest Saturday because it is a half-holiday,'



said Rochester, 'and they never want us in the drawing-room till eight.'

'Yes,' said Otho, 'and you know Mr. Randolph always drinks tea down at the parsonage with his brother. How jolly it is to have a tutor who wants to go and see his brother every Saturday!'

'It is settled then. Rochester, it is time to go into the drawing-room now ; it is eight o'clock.'

'Stop one moment ; who makes up the party ?'

'I,' said Otho, 'and Robert, and Henrik, and Rollo, and Hilda, if she is not too young.'

'I too young!' said Hilda, in disdain.

'Very well,' said Rochester, 'and if you are bored you have only to say so.'

'Oh, Henrik and I will be severe critics,' said Otho, as the children descended together to the drawing-room.

The four young Wilmots were the children of Lord St. Evreux, who had married an exceedingly pretty Swedish woman. Rochester, the eldest, was a clever, good-natured boy of fifteen, but rather delicate and fond of indoor pursuits. Otho was a regular history-monger, and was for ever busied in musty books searching for small details respecting his historical favourites, of whom he possessed a large stock. The name of the Swedish boys was

Lilijenhorn ; they were the children of Lady St. Evreux's brother, who had been drowned several years before in the attempt to cross the Gulf of Bothnia on the ice, and their mother dying soon after, they were now being educated with their English cousins, with whom they had been domesticated some time.

They were nice-looking lads, very fair : little Rollo's silky curls were, indeed, almost white ; and their eyes were of that bright blue that you hardly ever see save in the far north, like that of a china tea-cup. Besides the sensible individuals I have mentioned, there were several younger branches of the Wilmot family, who, as Otho gravely observed, would, it was to be hoped, profit a few years hence by the laudable exertions of their brothers.

Upon which Rochester patted him on the back, and said, ' Hear, hear, O my Solon !'



FIRST. EVENING.

I HAVE no intention of describing in full the origin, progress, and results of the Thirty Years' War; that I leave you to gather from history, and this work can hardly lay claim to such a dignified appellation. If you really wish to find out the causes of that long and desolating contest you will attentively read the History of the Reformation in the reign of Charles V.; you will see how, little by little, the Protestant religion increased in strength under his brother, Ferdinand I., and his nephew, that best and noblest and gentlest of German emperors, Maximilian II.; how in the reign of the weak and bigoted Rudolph II. the Protestants were insulted and oppressed, and their privileges taken from them; how their condition grew worse under the Emperor Matthias; how Ferdinand of Gratz, while yet Archduke, having caused himself to be elected King of Bohemia, audaciously broke his plighted word and violated all his written

engagements, till the Protestant lords of Prague threw off their allegiance and elected a Protestant prince as their sovereign—Frederic, Prince Palatine of the Rhine.

In history you will learn that the Bohemians, after a short period of success, were completely defeated at the battle of Prague by the armies of Bavaria and the Empire, and Frederic the Palatine was obliged to fly. It is easier to gain a victory than to know how to make use of one. Maximilian of Bavaria won the battle for his imperial master, but Ferdinand was incapable of profiting by the Elector's success.

By gentle measures he might now have conciliated the Protestants: he succeeded by the most indefatigable persecution and the most intolerable oppression in goading them to despair.

SCENE I.

It was about the year 1624, and Ferdinand II. was sitting one evening in a small cabinet of the Imperial Palace of Vienna. It was a pretty little room fitted with black oak and very simply furnished. Opposite the window hung several portraits. One was a very handsome full-length of



the Archduke Charles, the Emperor's father; he was represented in full armour richly inlaid; the figure was beautifully proportioned, and the face very handsome. This prince had been a suitor for the hand of Queen Elizabeth of England, and it was whispered by some that if that queen, who was a great admirer of beauty, had only obtained a sight of Charles, she might not have been so obdurate as she was to the other aspirants to her hand. But the Emperor Maximilian II. did not choose that his brother should go to London to be looked at and sent back if not approved of. On either side of this picture hung the portraits of Ferdinand himself and his empress. The gem of the collection, however, was an oil sketch of a group by which there seemed to hang a tale. A young-looking man was leaning over the chair of a very lovely woman who had an infant in her lap, while an older man was playing with a little boy who was clambering on his knee. They were the portraits of the Archduke Ferdinand, his wife and children, and of his brother Maximilian, while yet Archduke. Ferdinand, who was the second son of the Emperor Ferdinand I., had married, without his father's consent, the daughter of a Tyrolese nobleman, whom he saw and with whom he fell

desperately in love while hunting in the Tyrol. It was a long time before the Emperor would forgive him, but at length, at the intercession of Maximilian, he consented to see the offenders, and when the young Archduchess, leading her little son by the hand, threw herself at his feet, the old man could not resist her fascinating beauty. Ferdinand was restored to favour, and his sons were allowed the privileges of their rank, but were declared incapable of succeeding to the imperial throne.

But to return from this digression to the inmate of the cabinet, who appeared to be deep in some painful reverie.

‘Very low indeed has the Empire fallen,’ he said to himself, ‘that she must rely for safety on Bavaria alone, on Maximilian, that crafty Elector, or on the wavering and uncertain aid of Spain and the Catholic League.’ He raised his eyes to where the dark countenance of Charles V. seemed to frown upon him from the canvas, as if to reproach him for guiding so ill the reins of government he had so eagerly grasped ; and then his eyes glanced to the bright, youthful countenance of his father, whose sunny expression and evident freedom from care made him almost regret for a moment his boyish days at Gratz, spent in the society of his

brothers, Charles and Leopold, or his cousins, Ernest and Maximilian and Albert.

He was roused from these meditations, however, by the opening of the door and the announcement of the Archduke Leopold, his youngest brother, whom he greeted with great pleasure.

'I sent for you, brother,' said the Emperor, 'to ask your advice concerning a matter which has long troubled me.'

'If I can be of any service to your Imperial Majesty,' said the Archduke, 'you know I am always ready.'

'I can no longer conceal from myself,' pursued the Emperor, 'that I am little better than a slave to my own subjects. The Elector of Bavaria and his general, old Tilly, have indeed driven the Protestants from Bohemia, and the Elector has fulfilled to the letter his instructions to appropriate to himself the estates of that unhappy fool Frederick, but except the recovery of my kingdom his conquests have little profited me.'

'The Elector is faithful to your Imperial Majesty,' observed the Archduke.

'I doubt it not, I doubt it not,' replied Ferdinand; 'yet the enemies of my religion are nearly as powerful as ever; the King of Denmark has

thrown himself heart and hand into their cause, and that roving adventurer, Ernest of Mansfeld, is, I hear, already at the head of a fresh army.'

'You know, my brother,' said Leopold, 'that I have always been averse to the severe measures which followed the battle of the White Mountain; but the moment for conciliation which was lost then has long ago passed by, I fear.'

'You and our cousin Albert were always advocates for gentle measures, I know, Leopold,' answered the Emperor, 'while my motto has ever been, No peace with heretics; and I ask you to consider which plan has answered best. Did not our royal cousin Philip entirely drive out the heretical religion from his kingdom of Spain, while through the inactivity and apathy of my uncle Maximilian II. this detestable faith has been spreading, and you see now the consequence?'

'Yet my theory still holds good, sire,' said the Archduke, smiling. 'King Philip lost the Netherlands.'

'You are obstinate, Leopold,' returned the Emperor; 'but we have wandered from the point in this controversy respecting toleration. I must repeat that I am at the mercy of the Elector of Bavaria, and I can no longer remain in such a

degrading position. The Austrian Empire must have a standing army of its own ; what say you ?'

'How is it to be obtained, sire ? From what I hear there is no money in the exchequer, and armies do not grow out of the earth.'

'I hope,' returned the Emperor, proudly, 'that there is some patriotism and honour left among my subjects—that they will not see tamely the overthrow of their sovereign and their religion.'

'Your Imperial Majesty has done *one* of your subjects at least no more than justice. Forgive me, brother, for keeping you in suspense, for I bring with me the offer of one who has served your Majesty already, to raise and equip at his own expense an army of fifty thousand men to be placed at the disposal of the Empire.'

Ferdinand opened his eyes, as well he might. 'And who is he, by all the saints ?'

'Albrecht von Waldstein, Duke of Friedland.' And placing the letter of the Duke of Friedland on the table, Leopold, without noticing the speechless astonishment of his imperial brother, made his obeisance, and departed to communicate further with Count Questenberg, the friend of Waldstein, or, as he is more widely known, Wallenstein, who had brought the message from Gitchin.

Men in these days would be surprised if the Duke of Northumberland or the Marquis of Westminster were to offer on a public emergency to raise and equip fifty thousand men from their own resources. And Wallenstein's magnificent offer was a matter of equal surprise and incredulity to the public of the seventeenth century, but Wallenstein was as good as his word. In a few months the Duke of Friedland was in Lower Saxony at the head of thirty thousand men, and Christian of Denmark began to feel alarmed at the approach of so formidable an army, which, besides, was daily increasing. The war was now renewed in good earnest.

SCENE II.

One evening in June, Mansfeld was reposing in his lodging after days and nights of indefatigable exertion. But though he was resting his limbs by extending them on the floor, his mind was hard at work, for he was intensely studying a map which occupied nearly all the clear space in his apartment. He had arrived the day before at Brunswick with his pupil-in-arms, Prince Christian of Brunswick, and had brought a most welcome reinforcement to the King of Denmark's army, which now numbered



sixty thousand men. The troops had been reviewed that morning by the king in person, who was eager to begin operations ; and Mansfeld, who had already received his orders, had returned to his lodging to consult the map and arrange the dispositions of his route. Just as he was folding the map, the door of his apartment opened and a young man walked in. He was a good-looking youth, richly dressed ; his countenance was noble and wore an expression of enthusiasm which was borne out by his character, for this was Prince Christian of Brunswick, who, like the gallant Englishman, Lord Craven, had drawn his sword from a spirit of ardent loyalty towards the unhappy Queen of Bohemia. He had already suffered in their service, for he had but one arm, having lost the other in battle, but the deprivation had neither affected his spirits nor impaired his activity.

Prince Christian was, as Harte observes, 'so young that he had not arrived at the happy hour of wearing the moustache ;' his hair he wore long and curling, and across his right shoulder a white scarf with the inscription embroidered on it, 'For God and for Her.'

'You have declined the King of Denmark's

invitation to supper, Mansfeld,' said Christian as he entered.'

'I have, Prince ; I have many arrangements to make, and have no time for ceremonious visits.'

'You positively march to-morrow then ?'

'I do, at mid-day, in pursuit of Wallenstein, or rather, I should say, to lead Wallenstein after me, and prevent him from joining Tilly. But, Prince, you are engaged at the Hof, I presume ?'

'No, Ernest, I intend to spend our last evening with my old preceptor in arms,' said Christian, clapping Mansfeld on the shoulder ; 'there is no saying whether I may take another lesson in the art of war with you or not.'

'Well thought of, Prince ; then we will have supper at once.'

And the necessary orders having been given, the two companions in arms were soon conversing over their tête-à-tête meal.

'Our greatest advantage,' said Christian, after a while, 'is the jealousy that exists between the Duke of Friedland and old Tilly. Wallenstein, who is Lucifer himself, I believe, can endure no coadjutor.'

'This Wallenstein is descended from a Protestant family, they say,' observed Mansfeld.

‘Indeed!’ said Christian; ‘I was not aware of it, but he must have turned Romanist early in life then.’

‘There is a story of his falling out of a window while page to Charles, Count of Burgau, and being saved by the interposition of the Virgin; but of course this is one of their popish fabrications. There is no doubt, however, that he has a genius for war, or he would not enjoy the reputation he has.’

‘And that he is a favourite of Fortune,’ added Christian, ‘for his enormous wealth has been obtained by marriage and by the acquisition of so many forfeited estates in Bohemia.’

‘He is certainly more a *favourite* than a *soldier* of Fortune, which two terms, as you and I, Prince, know full well are by no means synonymous.’

‘The latter meaning rather a soldier of no fortune,’ answered the Prince of Brunswick. ‘Yes, Ernest, outlaws like us must learn to despise fortune now that we have only this left to depend upon,’ clapping his hand on the hilt of his sword.

‘And that cause to cling to,’ said Mansfeld, smiling, and pointing to the inscription on his enthusiastic friend’s scarf.

‘For God and for Her,’ replied Christian rever-

ently, and kissing the sacred words. The conversation continued till the hour was getting late, when Mansfeld, who had lately received but short answers to his observations, looked up and saw that Christian was pressing his hand upon his forehead, and that every muscle was quivering as if with intense pain.

‘Good heavens, Prince!’ he exclaimed. ‘What is the matter? You are ill?’

‘No, no,’ answered the other, lifting his face, which was as pale as death, ‘it is passing off, whatever it is.’

‘But it is serious; you showed less signs of suffering when your arm was cut off after Fleura.’

‘To the music of my trumpets,’ said the Prince, with an attempt at a smile; ‘but this pain I have had some time, only it is more violent at some moments than at others. Besides, it signifies little so long as I can mount a horse or draw my sword. So make yourself easy, Ernest, and now—good-night.’

Mansfeld warmly grasped the slender hand which was held out to him, and detained it while he spoke his adieus.

‘Farewell, comrade,’ he said; ‘mayhap before

we meet again the soldier of fortune and the favourite of fortune will have changed places.'

Mansfeld stood for some time pondering on these unequivocal symptoms of some unknown disease which Christian, in spite of himself, had evinced, for his friend possessed the virtue of bodily fortitude to a remarkable degree, and he remembered well that when it was announced to him, after the battle of Fleura, that he must lose his arm, he ordered that the operation should be performed to the sound of military music in case the pain should extract from him a groan or a cry. Mansfeld was not aware that the young Prince of Brunswick was a prey at the moment to a fearful and lingering disorder, which, though accompanied by attacks of agonising pain, he resolutely concealed, performing his military duty with unabated spirit and energy. Pity that these two gallant soldiers, Ernest and Christian, both men of genius and talent and heroism, should have stained their reputation by the merciless cruelty with which they conducted their campaigns.

The following morning the troops were in motion, Christian of Denmark and Christian of Brunswick towards Hesse and the Palatinate, and Mansfeld towards Dessau, to occupy the attention

of Wallenstein, who was entrenched there with his army. Both plans were unsuccessful; the King of Denmark and Count Tilly, the General of the League, met at Lütter, and, after a sanguinary battle the former was completely defeated, while Mansfeld imprudently attacked Wallenstein's entrenchments, and was repulsed with so great loss that in the opinion of the Imperialists it was impossible for him ever to rally again. But they little knew the capabilities of Mansfeld.

HENRIK. What do you stop there for, Rochester?

ROCHESTER. I shall take care not to read to you too much at a time.

HENRIK. Well, but I want to know what became of Ernest and Christian, for if I ever knew I have totally forgotten. Read on; you have got some more written.

ROCHESTER. Next time; it's ten minutes to eight, look.

OTH. I say, Rochester, is that story of the Archduke Ferdinand and his Tyrolese wife quite true?

ROCHESTER. It is historical; you will find it

in Coxe's *History of the House of Austria*. That Count of Burgau, to whom Wallenstein was page, was his son ; he kept a sort of royal state at Innspruck.

OTHO. That Maximilian II. was a very good emperor.

ROCHESTER. He and Albert II. were the best emperors that Germany ever had. Maximilian was half a Protestant, which is singular, seeing that he was educated in Spain with his cousin Philip.

ROBERT. What, with Philip II. ?

ROCHESTER. Yes ; they did not grow up like one another : Charles V. was very fond of him ; he left him in charge of the government of Spain once when Maximilian was only twenty-one.

OTHO. Ah ! yes ; and William of Orange, the Taciturn, was brought up with him.

HENRIK. Charles V. was a good judge of men, I have always heard ; Egmont and Philibert Emanuel of Savoy were favourites of his, too.

HILDA. Egmont is a favourite of *mine* at least. I like him better than William of Orange.

ROCHESTER. Perhaps he was the most fascinating of the two ; he was an accomplished soldier too, but not such a statesman as his friend, I imagine. They were both men to have lived and died for.

ROLLO. What was the name of that battle, Rochester, where Christian lost his arm?

ROCHESTER. Fleura. It was fought in the Netherlands against the Spaniards.

ROBERT. I always forget who the Queen of Bohemia was.

HILDA. Why, sister of Charles I., Robert. Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice were her sons, you know.

OTHO. Prince Rupert was born at Prague, after his father's election to the throne; wasn't he, Rochester?

ROCHESTER. Yes, and carried to the font in the arms of old Count Thurn. The poor little fellow was very nearly lost when Frederic and his family escaped so hastily after the battle of the White Mountain.

ROLLO. There's eight o'clock. You will read some more of that next Saturday evening, I suppose, Rochester?

ROCHESTER. No doubt, my Scandinavian cousin, if circumstances are favourable.

SECOND EVENING.

SCENE III.

THE Duke of Friedland was employed one evening, two months after his victory at Dessau, in writing a letter to his agent respecting the arrangements for his new palace at Gitchin, and giving orders that the building might be carried on with haste—with ‘*furia*,’ as he expressed himself—when the intelligence was communicated to him that Mansfeld had beaten a corps of Imperialists at Oppeln, and dashed into the heart of Silesia. When or how he had contrived to reorganise an army in that space of time it was impossible to conceive; but there he certainly was *in propria persona*.

Wallenstein, however, was not nearly so surprised or agitated at this piece of news as his officers expected him to be, and received it with great coolness. He finished his letter to his agent with minute directions respecting the height of certain

cells for some Carthusian monks who were to take up their abode at Gitchin, then wrote a despatch to Vienna with the account of Mansfeld's movements, and this done, proceeded to consider whether he should join Tilly's army or remain where he was. The King of Denmark was no longer very formidable ; the battle of Lütter had paralysed him for the present, and his young ally, Christian of Brunswick, was at Wolfenbüttel, *down* at last, and stretched on that bed of sickness from which he was never to rise. As to following Mansfeld, Wallenstein decided that course to be out of the question ; but he soon found himself mistaken in his calculations.

Mansfeld, meanwhile, was making for Hungary, with the intention of joining Bethlem Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, a wild, uncivilised, but clever soldier, who had more of the Oriental about him than the European. The terror of the Austrian cabinet at the near approach of this formidable and reckless adventurer was excessive, and they sent orders to Wallenstein to hasten southwards to the protection of the empire. The general remonstrated and objected, but all in vain, and, obliged to obey, he led his army across the Carpathians, a most tedious and difficult march, where, as he had



foreseen, his losses were great. But Mansfeld's plans, though daring and worthy of himself, were not destined to succeed.

The allied troops of Bethlem Gabor and Mansfeld were still at Buda, and the variety of the costumes had a wild and singular effect. There were the handsome forms of the Hungarians mounted on their powerful and fiery horses; there were the swarthy complexions, the grave countenances, and the flashing eyes of the Turkish auxiliaries of the Prince of Transylvania, and mingling with them appeared the *condottieri* in their coats of buff and mail, who followed their wild leader Mansfeld. But these troops were soon to part company. Mansfeld was walking up and down the ramparts of the Castle of Buda, conversing despondingly with Ernest of Weimar.

'My resolution is taken,' Mansfeld was saying; 'the Prince of Transylvania has made terms for himself, and it would be madness to await the Duke of Friedland here.'

'There is no placing any faith in these Orientals,' said the Prince of Weimar, indignantly.

'He expected what I could not give him—reinforcements and supplies—and I brought him

Wallenstein instead. Oh, these delays! We might have been now at the gates of Vienna.'

Mansfeld paused an instant, wrapped in bright visions of himself looking down from the heights of the Kahlenberg on that imperial city, and seizing his great enemy Ferdinand in his own palace. Well was it for Vienna that this castle in the air had no foundation; well for old St. Stephen's, with its slender spire and glorious architecture, that the Moslem allies of Bethlem Gabor and the hardly more Christian *condottieri* of Mansfeld were prevented this time from making havoc of his beauty.

Mansfeld soon roused himself from his dreams. 'Bethlem Gabor marches to meet the imperial commissioners to-night,' he said: 'to you, Ernest, I leave the command of my troops: lead them back to Silesia, or rather, I should say, their enfeebled remnants. You had better not be encumbered with artillery and baggage, and, indeed, I have already arranged with the Pacha of Buda to sell him all our superfluous stores.

'And you, yourself, where do you go?' asked the Prince.

'I have reason to believe that the republic of Venice, which you know has always been jealous

of Austria, is inclined to favour our cause ; and by going there to plead it in person I shall perhaps procure reinforcements. I have been in worse straits than these ere now, Prince Ernest, and have always found my way out of them. It is what we soldiers of fortune have to learn.'

A few days after this conversation Mansfeld was off, accompanied only by a few officers. But he never reached Venice, and his buoyant spirit was quenched by a mightier power than that of misfortune even. A violent fever seized him at the town of Wrakowitz in Dalmatia, which in a few days terminated his extraordinary career. Three or four weeks before this event took place, his friend and pupil, Christian of Brunswick, had breathed his last at Wolfenbüttel : neither of these soldiers died in the field of glory they loved so passionately, but were struck down, the one by a lingering and painful, the other by an acute and rapid disease.

Great were the rejoicings at the imperial court when Mansfeld's death was known ; and Wallenstein soon after made his appearance at Vienna to recruit his army.

In 1627 Wallenstein found himself at the head of a splendid and well-appointed army, with which

he carried everything before him. Terrified into absolute submission, Protestant and Catholic Electors were crouching at his feet. He was much more feared than his imperial master, and infinitely more powerful. Well might he be termed 'the prince's scourge and the soldier's idol:' every consideration was made to give way to the comfort and convenience of his troops; while he was heard to declare 'that the time had arrived for dispensing altogether with Electors, and that Germany ought to be governed like France and Spain, by a single absolute sovereign.'

He was not a person to be contradicted, with a hundred thousand men at his back, and the Dukes of Mecklenburg and Pomerania were obliged to see their territories occupied by imperialist troops, who lived at free quarters; while to keep the neutrality of Brandenburg perfect, the whole of that electorate was occupied in like manner.

Towards the end of the year, Wallenstein returned to Prague, in order to make of the Emperor a somewhat audacious request—no less than that the Dukes of Mecklenburg should be deprived of their electorate, and their dominions bestowed upon himself instead. The Emperor hesitated, for Wallenstein was sufficiently powerful already,



and, moreover, the act was one of such glaring injustice, that even Ferdinand was ashamed of committing it ; but, unhappily, he owed the mighty Duke certain moneys, and he had not the wherewithal to pay ; so, in spite of himself, he was obliged to yield to the demand of his haughty subject.

Wallenstein seemed now at the very summit of his power—not at the height of his ambition ; for who ever attained to that eminence, or where upon this earth have the cravings of the ambitious spirit ever been satisfied ? Yet Wallenstein was now without a rival. Tilly was at a distance and unable to interfere ; the Emperor did not dare ; Christian of Denmark, driven from Holstein, and even from Jutland, was forced to take refuge in his islands ; the Catholic army had not indeed an enemy left that was able to take the field ; but there was one about to appear on the bloody field of the Thirty Years' War, before ' whose star that of Friedland was to grow dim.' The *hour* was to come, and the *man*.

Friedland, meanwhile, a sovereign prince in everything but in name, superintended with a vigilant eye his vast estates, and maintained at the same time the most perfect control over his irre-

gular and undisciplined troops. Responsible to no one, he remained with the army or not, according to his pleasure; and after having received the grant of Mecklenburg, he took up his residence for some time in Prague, leaving his troops in charge of General Arnheim, the chief counsellor of the Elector of Saxony, and in whom Friedland placed great confidence.

SCENE IV.

One October day, the Duke of Friedland was breakfasting in the Italian Hall, alone, as was his custom. This room was generally used by him in summer, but the weather was unusually warm for the time of year, and the sun shone in through the open porticoes which looked out into the large and pleasant garden.

Wallenstein's countenance could not boast of beauty, for the features were harsh, his short hair almost red; the cold grey eyes and inflexible mouth expressed nothing but stern and indomitable resolution; and the overhanging, furrowed brow spoke of deep thought and commanding intellect. Cold, severe, and proud, the Duke of Friedland's was hardly a character to be loved,

and yet he had many noble qualities. Though a good Catholic, he was no bigot, and ever tolerant to those of another faith—a rare merit, be it understood, in the seventeenth century. He was considerate for the welfare of those dependent on him, and whatever his faults were—and they were neither small nor few—they were not those of a little mind. The ease, moreover, with which he could descend from the care of an empire to the minutest details of domestic economy, his directions to Arnheim to prevent Tilly from getting into Mecklenburg, and his instructions to his agent about the rearing of his colts, are proofs of the versatility of his mental powers.

He had hardly finished his meal, when one of his noble pages entered and announced : ‘A courier from Warsaw has just arrived with despatches for your excellency.’

‘Send him in here,’ was the reply, and, dusty with rapid riding, the messenger of the King of Poland made his appearance.

The Duke put a few questions to this individual ; but as he was in a state of extreme terror at finding himself in the presence of the awful Duke of Friedland, it was soon clear to Wallenstein that he should obtain more direct information

by opening the despatches at once, and, dismissing the courier, he shut himself up in his private cabinet.

The Duke found that his news was more important than agreeable ; he sat for some time in deep thought, then wrote off a hasty epistle to Arnheim, and having given orders that it should be despatched immediately, he sent for Seni, his friend and private astrologer, with whom he had many a time studied the starry heavens. Seni hastened to attend his patron, and Wallenstein leading the way into the sheltered garden, which those who have ever been to Prague should know full well, they paced up and down in deep conversation.

‘There are news to-day, Seni, which, though they would seem at a first glance to affect us but slightly, will, I apprehend, influence considerably our future proceedings. The King of Sweden has concluded a definite treaty of peace with Poland.’

‘Indeed !’ answered Seni ; ‘the Emperor’s intrigues appear then to have failed in that quarter.’

‘Yes ; but I hardly imagine that King Gustavus’s feelings towards us will be the more friendly for that. Now that this war is off his hands, I

expect he may prove a formidable neighbour. Those fools in the cabinet of Vienna pretend to ignore his name ; I can tell them that they may hear more of it than they will like.'

'I have heard of this King of Sweden. He is no ordinary man.'

'Very much the contrary ; and when one considers the difficulties he had to contend with, his talents for reigning really seem very remarkable. You know he was only seventeen at his accession, and with a minister hardly twenty-eight, he found himself involved in debt, engaged in a troublesome war with Denmark, and the crown of Sweden itself claimed by his cousin, Sigismund of Poland. I must, if I can, have his horoscope drawn. If I could but find out the hour and place of his birth ! I must tell Arnheim to procure these data for me.'

'Yes,' said Seni ; 'I should like to compare his horoscope with that of your Highness. I should think that, as in yours, Mars would bear the predominance.'

'Jupiter lords it in mine,' replied Wallenstein ; 'it is clear that I am not to die in the field ; but there is a mystery about my end which I cannot

penetrate, and you never would enlighten me on that point with your superior science, Seni.'

Seni shook his head and smiled as he disclaimed the superiority which his patron assigned to him, and brought back the subject to the King of Sweden.

'I am told that Gustavus Adolphus has a theory that bullets are not made for kings ; he had, however, an unanswerable proof to the contrary the other day ; he was severely wounded at Dantzic.'

'So I've heard. As far as I can make out from the terms of the treaty with Poland, Gustavus has made some concessions to Sigismund, weakened as that prince is, and I have my reasons for thinking that he would have been in no such haste if he had not had an object for securing peace in that quarter.'

'The Protestants would find in him a surer ally than in Christian of Denmark,' responded Seni, meditatively.

'I have written to Arnheim to-day to keep a sharp look out, and I told him plainly what I really think, that we shall certainly have him landing on the coast of Mecklenburg or Pomerania. *Gustavus Adolphus is a dangerous guest, and cannot be too closely watched.*'



From this day the Duke of Friedland kept a heedful eye on the movements of one whose character and talents he rightly estimated. But Gustavus as yet was quiet, and Wallenstein, anxious if possible to convert him into a friend, made every effort, by holding out tempting lures to his ambition, to win him over. Gustavus honourably withstood them all, and though he suffered Oxenstiern to amuse himself with a little negotiation, Wallenstein was quite acute enough to discover and send word to his confidant Arnheim that 'the King of Sweden was only playing with them; that he meant them no good.'

Meanwhile the Duke of Friedland was carrying on his public and private schemes with unabated eagerness and vigour. Arnheim sent him the date of Gustavus's birth; but he wanted more detailed information, and wrote to the general from Gitchin. 'I thank you,' he says, 'for having sent me the notice of the King of Sweden's birthday. Now I have further need to know the place of his birth, for it is necessary on account of the *elevatio poli*. I pray you to forward this as soon as may be. I should further be glad that you should cause the scheme to be erected by the Doctor Herlinus; not that so much stress is to be laid on this, but it is

my wish that various hands should be employed on this part. He need not give any conclusion, but only the figuration.'

It is quite a disappointment that after all this trouble the scheme of the nativity should not be forthcoming. During this time Wallenstein was occupied with two other projects : the one to raise a fleet in the Baltic, for which he was moving heaven and earth ; the other to persuade the Danes to elect Ferdinand II. as their king. This negotiation was, in Wallenstein's opinion, made a failure by the folly of a diplomat called Schwarzenburg, who threw the Duke into such a rage, that he wrote off to the Emperor, informing him that he himself or Schwarzenburg must leave the imperial service instantly ; whereupon the Emperor submissively recalled his diplomatic agent.

But the Duke of Friedland's fortunate star could not always remain in the ascendant, and for the first time this proud soldier was checked in his onward career by a comparatively insignificant town. The heroic resistance of Stralsund proved the turning-point of the fortunes of the Thirty Year's War ; its inhabitants had declined to receive an imperialist garrison when all the other forts in Pomerania and Mecklenburg were occupied

in like manner ; and though Wallenstein vowed by everything that was sacred 'that he would take Stralsund, were it fastened by chains to heaven,' his threat this time was in vain.

The men of Stralsund had applied for assistance to the King of Sweden, and Gustavus Adolphus, whose attention had for some time been fastened on Germany, and who had watched with compassion the sufferings of the Protestants, and with equal anxiety the encroachments of the Catholics, answered promptly to the appeal. A garrison of Scotch, under the stout Munro and Leslie, was thrown into the town, and gallantly maintained it under the most dreadful hardships and privations, till the appearance of Danish ships in the harbour, and of disease in the Austrian camp, forced the haughty Duke reluctantly to raise the siege.

Albert of Friedland was extremely provoked, and very tired of the war ; he was just now wild about a project for un-Mahomedanising and revolutionising Turkey, and rather anxious to be back at Gitchin to see how the new palace was getting on, and whether the young horses were prospering—perhaps to deliberate and mature certain little plans of his own for changing the ducal coronet

into the kingly crown. In accordance with these ideas, he dropped the title of Admiral of the Baltic, which he had lately assumed (a wise measure, perhaps, seeing he had no fleet to command), and coolly let the Emperor know that it was time to make peace with Denmark.

Accordingly the peace of Lübeck was concluded immediately, the harassed, impoverished Danes being on their part only too thankful for the very lenient terms which the General of the Empire conceded to them. With the peace of Lübeck may be said to close the first epoch of the Thirty Years' War; and it was now in the power of the Emperor Ferdinand to pronounce its termination altogether. It might be thought that the appeal of unhappy Germany, torn to pieces by all the miseries of this protracted war, could hardly fall in vain on their Emperor's ear; but Ferdinand's excessive bigotry outweighed all feelings of humanity, and the Cabinet of Vienna passed the far-famed Edict of Restitution, a signal for the breaking forth of the war with redoubled violence.

SCENE V.

One morning, early in the year of 1630, the Duke of Friedland was pacing with slow and thoughtful steps one of the apartments in his temporary residence of Memmingen. Colder, prouder, more gloomy than ever, was the expression of his hard, stern features, while he kept up a kind of desultory conversation with Seni, whose countenance also expressed anxiety and dissatisfaction.

‘It is perfectly clear,’ Wallenstein was saying, ‘the universal demand of the whole Diet of Ratisbon is for my dismissal; but the event need not take us by surprise, Seni, who have long ago read it in the stars.’

‘But the Emperor will never yield to what I cannot but think is an intrigue of the courts of Madrid and Paris.’

Wallenstein smiled slightly.

‘You know,’ he said, ‘that I have accurate information of the daily proceedings of the Diet; the Emperor thinks that by giving me up he will procure the election of his son, the King of Hun-

gary, to the dignity of King of the Romans; but the Emperor is deceived.'

Seni looked at his patron inquiringly. The latter continued :—

'Father Joseph, the confidential agent of Richelieu, has possessed himself of the Emperor's ear, and has promised him all the influence of his court to assist him in obtaining his object; but I can see clearly that the crafty priest is playing fast and loose with Ferdinand, for to my certain knowledge his principal is at this moment negotiating with the King of Sweden.'

'I can understand the animosity of the Protestants towards your Excellency,' said Seni, after a pause, 'but the ill-will of the Catholic Electors surprises me.'

'Go, Seni,' said Albert, contemptuously; 'you can calculate nativities better than you can read the human heart; but stay, do you know the personage who is the chief agent against me in all these intrigues?'

Seni looked up perplexed. 'Not Tilly?'

'Not far wrong. His master, Maximilian of Bavaria.'

'Maximilian, the most Catholic Elector!' exclaimed Seni in surprise. 'And yet,' he added,

suddenly fixing his dark Italian eyes on the Duke's face, 'your fate is in your Excellency's own hands. Not the whole force of the Diet, with Spinola and Tilly to support them, is so powerful as the Duke of Friedland.'

Wallenstein took Seni's arm and led him to the window. It looked out on a square in which at that moment a large number of the troops were performing their exercises; while the air was ringing with the shouts of the different commands given, the clashing of steel, and the noise of military music.

'Look at those men,' he said; 'a hundred thousand all equally devoted to me are at this moment ready to follow me to Prague—yes, and to Vienna itself, if I require it; but what would it avail me? I left the comforts and tranquillity of my home to encounter hardships, danger, and death for the Emperor's sake; I shall be equally willing to lay down my honours if his Majesty commands me to do so, and shall only be grateful to obtain the repose I long for; but,' he added, 'Seni, I can hardly require the prophetic intelligence of astrology to perceive that my absence will ere long be regretted; this army which I command will melt away like the snow in summer,

from the instant I lay down the staff of my office.'

'Your Excellency has then determined to abide by the decree of the Diet?' asked Seni.

'Taxis has had orders to have Gitchin ready for my reception. I expect that in a week or two, you and I, Seni, will be comparing the altitudes and conjunctions of stars and planets from my new observatory. By the way, send me that calculation I showed you yesterday; you know to which I allude.'

And Wallenstein abruptly closed the conversation, unwilling, perhaps, that even his confidant, Seni, should see more than he wished to disclose of his private sentiments. And indeed the outburst from the assembled Diet cannot surprise one; few people had more cause. Both Catholic and Protestant Electors saw their dominions overrun, plundered, and ravaged by imperialist troops, who enjoyed unbounded license, and committed the most wanton excesses; they saw their revenues coolly appropriated, themselves treated with cold disdain, and it was natural that they should lay all these grievances to the account of Wallenstein, who in reality took great pains to maintain some sort of discipline in his army. Maximilian of Bavaria



detested him, for he considered him as his rival ; Richelieu, true to his policy of reducing the power of the House of Austria, was determined to get rid of him ; while the whole Diet was firmly resolved that, happen what might, the young King of Hungary never should be elected King of the Romans, this title being, as every one knows, the forerunner to the imperial crown.

SCENE VI.

The day after the conversation with Seni had taken place, two Austrian noblemen arrived in Memmingen, and solicited an audience of the General. They were intimate friends, Counts Questenberg and Werdenberg, and Wallenstein was perfectly aware of the nature of their business. They were instantly admitted into his presence, and as Albert walked forward to give them a cordial greeting, he observed at once that embarrassment and regret were strongly marked on their countenances.

‘Your visit, my dear Count,’ he said to Questenberg, ‘is as welcome as it is unexpected ; you come from Ratisbon, I presume, where I in truth imagined you to be now, deep in business.’

‘We are from Ratisbon,’ said Questenberg,

seating himself at a sign from the Duke, 'where the Electors were as dilatory as usual, and as troublesome.'

'Clamorous against the Edict of Restitution, I presume.'

'Yes, and his Imperial Majesty is harassed by complaints on all sides, and chiefly from Bavaria,' continued Questenberg, whose replies were delivered in a constrained tone, and whose eyes were intently fixed on a minute speck of mud on one of his Spanish leather boots.

'What! from my old rival Maximilian?' said Wallenstein, who pitied the awkward situation of his friends in being the bearers of a mission which they evidently liked so little. 'I can read in your countenances that the Elector's intrigues concern me.'

Werdenberg looked into Wallenstein's face with inquiring surprise.

'I hasten to relieve you, gentlemen,' continued Wallenstein, with dignity, 'from the annoyance of announcing what may seem ungracious tidings. I am already aware of the object of your mission, which, credit me, has been revealed to me long before now. You doubtless know that I have for some time been a student of that great and won-



derful science which teaches men to read in the stars their future destiny. Look at this,' and he drew out from a heap of papers on the table an astrological calculation. 'You may observe from the planets that the spirit of Maximilian dominates over the spirit of Ferdinand. I can attach no blame to the Emperor therefore, though I regret that he should have given me up so easily ; but I shall obey.'

Most thankful were these unwilling ambassadors to find that their diplomacy was not needèd, and that their apologies for the Emperor were indeed, from the tone Wallenstein had assumed, almost unnecessary ; but they, however, poured forth every expression of esteem, gratitude, and affection on the Emperor's behalf that the German language could furnish, to all of which the Duke listened with polite deference. He then easily and gracefully changed the subject, and after a good deal of desultory conversation he informed the deputies that they were to consider themselves his guests as long as they remained at head-quarters. The two counts did not prolong their stay, and in a few days they set off on their return to Ratisbon, being anxious to relieve the nervous apprehensions of their suspicious master, loaded with costly presents,

and bearing to Ferdinand a letter from Wallenstein himself, full of expressions of attachment and loyalty.

OTHO. I think, Rochester, you should explain the Edict of Restitution.

ROLLO. Yes, for I don't think I know what it is.

ROCHESTER. Why, I believe it was an Edict passed to compel all the Protestant princes to restore to the church the whole of the church property that had been appropriated since the signing of the Treaty of Augsburg a century before.

HILDA. But they never ought to have confiscated church property, surely?

ROCHESTER. It certainly does not seem right, but at the same time one cannot well judge without knowing all the facts of the case. You know at the time of the Reformation the Roman Catholic clergy had become so enormously powerful that many of the bishoprics had grown into little kingdoms. Then many of the prince-bishops themselves adopted the reformed faith, and they had no idea of relinquishing their temporal possessions on that



account, but married and left them to their heirs like other secular princes.

OTHO. In those days the Catholics, I suppose, did not dare to come to extremities with the Protestants ?

ROCHESTER. Exactly ; and what Charles V. was compelled by necessity to concede to the Protestants, the moderation of Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II. allowed them to enjoy. But now, at the period which we have been considering, the Catholics had got the upper hand, and it was determined that the Protestants should suffer for the acts of their grandfathers. The Edict of Restitution was in fact treachery on the part of the Emperor ; it was a breach of the treaty of Augsburg.

OTHO. It came rather hard too on the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, who had remained friends to the empire.

HENRIK. Oh, I have no pity for them ! they thought of nothing in the world but their own interests.

ROBERT. You and Otho have been to Vienna and Prague ; have you not, Rochester ?

ROCHESTER. Yes. Wallenstein's house is one

of the lions at Prague ; the garden exists there, but it must have been larger in those days, I fancy. I have read somewhere that it extended down to the river, which it does not do now ; and I imagine the houses did not close in round it so much as they do now. They show one the horse, stuffed, which Wallenstein rode at Lützen.

HILDA. You don't tell us anything of Wallenstein's early life and history ?

ROCHESTER. It would make my 'Sketches' too long. You know they only profess to describe scenes, not to form a consecutive account.

HENRIK. Astrology must be an amusing science. Do you suppose, Rochester, when Wallenstein exhibited that astrological calculation to the Imperial Commissioners, that he was sincere in attaching any credit to it ?

ROCHESTER. Indeed, it is very difficult to say how much faith Wallenstein placed in astrology ; it has always been a subject of dispute amongst historians. I was reading the other day that the horoscope of William of Orange had been drawn by Melancthon, in which he predicted that the Prince would die a violent death, which is curious, if true.

HILDA. He was murdered, was he not ?

ROCHESTER. By Balthazar Gerard ; and in him perished one of the greatest men of his age ; 'the Father of his Fatherland,' as the Hollanders affectionately call him.

THIRD EVENING.

DUKE ALBERT having received his dismissal hastened his departure from the army as much as possible, and towards the beginning of October he set out from Memmingen. One's usual idea of travellers in those ages is that of horsemen in long cloaks and plumed hats, with relays of horses at every stage to further their progress; and it is rather a destruction to one's notions to find that the grandees of that period were in the habit of travelling in huge lumbering coaches, drawn by an indefinite number of horses, and progressing at the probable rate of three miles an hour when the road was flat. Such doubtless was Wallenstein's conveyance, and as to the King of Sweden, he generally slept in his coach after a battle, and held councils of war in it at day-break.

SCENE VII.

In the evening of the 7th of October the Duke of Friedland and Mecklenburg entered his splendid

palace at Gitchin. Taxis, his agent, stood at the portal to receive him, but Albert walked quickly through the sumptuous apartments, hardly noticing the array of attendants who stood around. He only slightly acknowledged their obeisances and made a sign to Taxis to follow him to his private apartments.

‘You have fulfilled my instructions well, Taxis,’ he said. ‘I shall feel in paradise after the incessant noise and commotion of Memmingén.’

‘Your Highness has no commands before supper?’

‘No, Taxis, none. Yes, there is one thing. I observed one of my household wearing those preposterously long jingling spurs with balls to the rowels. Have the goodness to take care that no one wears them in my presence ; the noise they make is intolerable to me.’

‘I will take care,’ said Taxis, ‘that there shall be no noise to disturb your Excellency.’

One of the gentlemen in waiting accompanied by two of the pages presently announced to the Duke that the evening meal was ready, and with all the pomp and circumstances of royalty he took his seat at the magnificent board, surrounded by a great number of guests who had accompanied him to Gitchin, besides members of his own household.

Behind his chair stood four of the above-mentioned pages, who served him on the knee.

The meal was a silent one. Friedland remained for the most part in deep abstraction or spoke in a low tone to the Duke of Eggenberg, who sat next to him. As soon as it was over he returned to his own apartment and was seen no more that night. After the other guests had retired Eggenberg and Taxis remained for some time discussing the singular character of their grave and gloomy host.

‘It was he himself,’ said Taxis, ‘who prescribed this elaborate ceremonial to the minutest details; he seems to love this pomp, and yet when he has seen that his orders were carried out, he becomes perfectly indifferent to it all; but there are no details of business, there is no minute concern of his vast estates, with which he is not as conversant as I am myself. When he was expecting Mansfeld’s attack he was writing to me about a heretic widow on this very estate, ordering that her religion should be tolerated. He knows every one and everything connected with his property.’

‘His extreme aversion to any noise is singular,’ said Eggenberg.

‘Great geniuses require silence and repose wherein to work out their plans, I presume,’ said

Taxis. 'He has ordered that twelve patrols shall make their circuits continually to keep off any sound.'

'And how many of those little fellows does he maintain?' asked Eggenberg, as two of the pages, handsome boys of twelve and fourteen, glided noiselessly across the room, as if afraid that their mighty master would hear their light footsteps.

'Sixty. It is the best possible training for the boys; he takes the greatest care of their education, and they learn lessons of obedience and self-control, for they are required to be perfectly silent in his presence and to be ready to execute any command they may receive,—rules which apply equally to the gentlemen and knights who are constantly in his presence.'

'All his arrangements are indeed those of a sovereign prince; but I cannot think that he will remain here long.'

'Why so?' said Taxis.

'Look around you. The King of Sweden is in Germany; the enforcing of this Edict of Restitution will drive every Protestant to his standard; the wits of Vienna call him indeed a king of snow, who will melt on approaching the south; but—but—'

'Yet,' said Taxis, 'I hear that none have joined

the King as yet ; even his own brother-in-law, the Elector of Brandenburg, holds back, and as for his Highness of Saxony, no one, except perhaps my master, through the medium of Arnheim, can tell what course he will pursue.'

'And meanwhile Count Tilly is marching on Magdeburg to punish its former contumacy. Well, we shall see.'

And they separated for the night.

And here, for the present, will we leave Albert of Friedland in this gorgeous retirement, surrounded by all the magnificence of a sovereign prince, with nobles for his attendants, provinces for his estates, and mangers of marble for the horses which he counted by hundreds.

The Swedes were pressing onwards ; fortress after fortress had fallen into their hands. Mecklenburg was restored to its ancient possessors, who now rode by Gustavus's side, and Germany was surprised by the spectacle of an army which, unlike the Imperialists, preserved perfect order and discipline, and committed no outrages. But still the Electors held aloof, and although they did not

directly oppose Gustavus's march neither would they make any advances towards him, and even left him in doubt whether they were hostile or not. The King had now, after desperate fighting, wrested Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and Landsberg, from the Imperialists, and he was anxious to make his way to Magdeburg, and raise the siege, when he was entirely baffled in his intention by the cowardice of his brother-in-law. and the wavering policy of the Elector of Saxony. The estates of the former, George William of Brandenburg, lay exactly in his route, and after much useless negotiation Gustavus was determined to try stronger measures.

SCENE VIII.

‘General Horne is returned, Sire,’ was the announcement that was made one morning to Gustavus, who was writing in his tent.

‘Let him come in directly,’ was the reply, and dusty with riding, that officer made his appearance.

‘Well, Gustaf,’ said the King, as soon as the other entered, ‘what is your report?’

‘I am afraid I cannot bring your Majesty a more decided answer. All I can obtain from his Electoral Highness is, that he can make no engage

ments without the full concurrence of the Elector of Saxony.'

'Is that all? Did you see my brother-in-law?'

'Yes, Sire ; and I repeated to him your Majesty's demand for Spandau and Custrin, distinctly explaining that they would be surrendered as soon as Magdeburg was relieved.'

Gustavus paced impatiently up and down his tent, vexation strongly depicted in his countenance, then paused abruptly :

'Very well, Gustaf. I shall wish you to be in readiness with the advanced guard to march upon Berlin to-morrow morning at daybreak. I shall send a detachment of Scotch with you. I will not detain you now. Let Colonel Hepburn be told that I wish to see him in an hour or two.'

Horne bowed, and withdrew.

At the time prescribed, a good-looking officer, about two or three and thirty, exceedingly well 'got up,' and with an attractive soldier-like aspect, presented himself to the King. It was Colonel Sir John Hepburn, the commander of the Scottish Brigade, said to be the finest troops in the Swedish army.

'Colonel Hepburn,' said the King, 'I march upon Berlin to-morrow morning at daybreak, and I



wish you to lead two of your companies with Horne in advance.'

'They shall be ready, Sire,' was the Scotchman's prompt reply.

'Are there any couriers from Magdeburg, to-day?'

'I think not, Sire; only a few peasants from the neighbourhood report that Tilly is said to be violently exasperated against the city on account of its resistance.'

'Ah,' responded Gustavus, half to himself, 'I knew my gallant Falkenberg would do his duty. But I can afford no more delay.'

Early the next morning the whole army began its march. George William saw that his brother-in-law was bent on some decisive step, and terrified now for his own dominions, he sent off a messenger post haste to Gustavus to ask for a private conference.

'He has come to his senses at last,' observed the King with a smile, and, pressing forward with his troops, he met the Elector in a small wood near Berlin. Gustavus met the shy, embarrassed greeting of his kinsman with his usual frank cordiality, and plunged at once into the subject on hand. But he talked to George William in vain; the Elector

was in a mortal state of terror lest he should compromise himself with either party ; in short he was in a most pitiable state of confusion and distress of mind, till the King, weary of wasting words, suddenly rose and closed the conference by preparing to take his departure.

George William, who already saw in imagination this alarming and impetuous relative master of Berlin, started up also, and entreated for another half-hour for further consideration.

‘Sir,’ said the King, good-naturedly, ‘I compassionate the perplexity you labour under ; but I call my cousin Albert of Mecklenburg to witness that I take this apparently strange step for the preservation of unhappy Magdeburg and of the reformed religion. It is not a question of my own interests, and let me tell you both that upon the preservation of Magdeburg depends your own safety.’

As he said these words, a small hand was laid gently on his arm, and a well-known voice said, ‘My royal brother.’

He started, turned round, and to his surprise saw the Electress, whose animated countenance was turned most imploringly towards him. His stern manner relaxed instantly, he kissed her hand,



and said, 'Madam, you are come, I trust, to support my arguments with the Elector, your husband.'

'That depends on whether your Majesty's terms are very exorbitant,' said the Electress.

'They are, I think, what even you, Princess, must think most reasonable and indispensable.'

'I believe I know your Majesty's conditions already,' said the Electress, 'and I confess I am on your Majesty's side of the question. My Lord,' she continued, turning to her husband and assuming a playful tone of command, 'you are not in a condition to refuse; you must surrender the fortresses.'

Her Highness had now taken the matter entirely into her own hands, and her decided manner confirmed her husband's wavering resolution. Gustavus on his part was willing to modify his terms for the sake of his fair opponent, whom he congratulated on her spirit and heroism.

'And we will permit your royal brother-in-law to escort us to Berlin with his musketeers,' added the Electress, as Gustavus took her hand to lead her to her horse, 'now that he is satisfied.'

The King answered, laughing, 'It was well that your Highness took the affair into your own hands,

for had it been decided differently, I should have felt myself compelled to have sent the Elector to pass a summer in the cooler regions of Sweden.'

The Electress shook her head at the King reproachfully, for there was a certain look in his Majesty's eye notwithstanding his good-humoured expression, which convinced her that he would certainly have been as good as his word.

'We have gained some ground, Oxenstiern,' said the King to his favourite minister that evening, after the festivities were concluded with which his brother-in-law had celebrated his visit to Berlin, and at the close of which that prince had been conveyed in an intoxicated state to his apartment. 'But now there is the Elector of Saxony to be brought to reason. Axel, was there ever such tedious work as this, and for so impatient a person as myself?'

'And I fear your Majesty will find the Elector of Saxony by far the most impracticable of the two.'

'If I can get a personal interview with him I shall soon overcome his scruples. How extraordinary it is that these men will not see that what I propose is solely for their advantage!'

Oxenstiern was silent.

‘Speak, Axel; do you not agree with me?’

‘Yes, Sire, but I suspect the Elector will not hear of an interview.’

‘Nor agree to any one of my proposals?’

‘I doubt it, Sire,’ replied Oxenstiern, in the same cool, composed manner.

‘Then Magdeburg is lost, and my honour with her!’ said Gustavus, who had been waxing warmer and warmer, and now began walking up and down the room.

‘When Count Tilly is in Magdeburg, John George will come to his senses,’ returned the Chancellor.

‘Upon my word, Axel, you are intolerable with your coolness! I should like to know what would become of my affairs,’ said the King, reseating himself and preparing to write, ‘if somewhat of my heat was not mingled with your phlegm.’

‘Nay, Sire,’ replied Oxenstiern, ‘your affairs would prosper but ill, I fear, if your Majesty’s warmth were not occasionally tempered by my coolness.’

The King laughed heartily. ‘But come, what shall we say to the Elector? Request an interview, or, if that is impossible, permission at least to pass through his states to reach this unfortunate

town? Can any request be more modest than that?’

Oxenstiern approved every word, but, alas! the autograph letter had no mollifying effect on the beer-sodden intellect of the Elector of Saxony, who drank *schnapps*, hunted wild boars, talked loudly of his engagements to the Emperor, and calmly saw Tilly within little more than a day’s march of his capital.

SCENE IX.

Close to the banks of the noble Elbe, on a broad grassy plain near the little town of Werben, Gustavus Adolphus had fixed his camp while waiting for the decisive answer of John George. It was a position of great strength, and the works were thrown up with extraordinary rapidity, for like the old Roman legions the Swedish troops were as ready at handling the spade as the pike. In the centre was a large area in which was stationed the King’s tent, while those of the officers stood in a circle round it.

It was the evening of the 11th of May, and Colonel Hepburn and Colonel Axel Lilly were walking up and down near one of the outposts,



when a soldier belonging to a brigade of the former came up and said that a person who had just arrived at the camp wished to see one of the commanding officers.

Hepburn went instantly. 'Do you know where the stranger comes from, Malcolm?' he said to the man.

'From Magdeburg, Colonel, I believe.'

This announcement caused Hepburn to hurry forward, and his awakened anxiety was not lessened by the appearance of the newcomer. He looked as if he had neither slept nor eaten for days and nights; his face was deadly pale, and when he began to speak his voice was tremulous with emotion.

'I believe I address Sir John Hepburn?' were his first words.

'You do, sir,' was the Colonel's reply, 'and I understand you bring us tidings from Magdeburg.'

'I am Stalman, the Swedish resident there, and I come from what was once Magdeburg. Can you take me to his Majesty?'

'What!' said Hepburn, 'is Magdeburg taken?'

'Magdeburg is taken by storm, and the flames are even now consuming it.'

‘St. Andrew! what a misfortune! And Falkenberg?’

‘Fell as a soldier ought,—foremost in defending the breach. But you will hear the details, Colonel, if you will take me to his Majesty.’

Hepburn instantly led the way, and hastily breaking into the King’s tent, exclaimed, ‘Sire, there are important news from Magdeburg; the bearer entreats permission to speak with your Majesty instantly.’

Gustavus was struck with Hepburn’s hurried manner and his exceedingly abrupt entrance; but the word ‘Magdeburg’ sent a chill through his heart, and he replied, ‘Send him here at once.’

He had hardly uttered the words when Stalman entered, kissed Gustavus’s hand, and said, ‘Sire, Magdeburg is no more.’

‘Taken!’ exclaimed the King. ‘How? When? Was there great slaughter?’

‘Sire,’ said Stalman, ‘even from here you may discern the ruddy glow of the flames that consume Magdeburg; but your Majesty can form no conception of the horrors that have taken place in that devoted city. The Croats and Walloons have behaved like demons rather than men, sparing neither

sex nor age, murdering even mothers with their infants.'

'Good God, how horrible!' exclaimed the King.

'The garrison behaved admirably. Colonel Falkenberg fell at the first assault. The Prince Administrator was dangerously wounded, but Count Pappenheim with great difficulty rescued him from the hands of the infuriated Walloons.'

'And did neither Pappenheim nor Tilly make any attempt to stop these atrocities?'

'I am told, Sire, that representations were made to Count Tilly to that effect, but the General only answered, "Return in an hour, and I shall consider of it; the soldier must have some reward for his toil." Not a stone of Magdeburg will be left remaining, and very few of the inhabitants, I fear, will survive the massacre.'

Poor Stalman seemed to have difficulty in recapitulating the horrors he had witnessed, and their recital cut the King to the heart.

'I will be revenged on the Old Corporal' (so he always called Tilly), 'for this massacre, though it should cost me my life!' he exclaimed. Then observing Stalman's condition, he said kindly, 'Go, Stalman, and get some rest and refreshment. You must require it after the scenes you have gone

through. Colonel, you will take care of him, and, Stalman, I will see you again later.'

Stalman willingly submitted to the King's orders, and Gustavus remained for many hours pondering sadly over the intelligence, which, though he had dreaded receiving it every day, now seemed to burst upon him like a thunder-cloud. Later in the day Stalman was admitted to another interview, in which he described more fully the particulars of the night attack, which was lead by Pappenheim, and gave great praise to the gallantry of Falkenberg and his Swedish troops.

It was now absolutely necessary that Gustavus should take some measures to prove his own utter helplessness to avert the destruction of this noble and important city, and he spent the following night in composing the celebrated manifesto, in which he fully cleared himself in the sight of Europe, which as he foresaw was ready to impute to his tardiness the fall of Magdeburg. In this justification he was of course compelled to expose the cowardice and apathy of his brother-in-law and of John George.

But though Gustavus's representations had failed to bring the latter prince to his senses, the conduct of the Imperial court now accomplished

this difficult feat. Elated with a victory which was an indelible disgrace, the Austrian cabinet sent word to Tilly that he was to march into Saxony, and there issue his commands to John George to carry the Edict of Restitution into effect, to disband his army, and to admit the Imperialists into his dominions. The Elector, indignant at this tyranny from a court for which he had long ago sacrificed personal interest and even honour itself, refused to submit, and Tilly prepared to enforce the orders of his employers by ravaging and laying waste the Electoral dominions.

First of all, however, Tilly was resolved to make an attempt on the intrenched camp of Werben, and he laid siege to it in due form; but he was before long obliged to yield to the conviction that it was wholly impregnable. He continued to persevere, however, for some time, and meanwhile desperate encounters and skirmishes took place every day, both parties showing great bravery. But after a time Tilly thought it as well to abstain from knocking his head against the earthen walls of Werben; and following his instructions, he led his troops into Saxony, laying waste the country by fire and sword. These proceedings determined John George at length to have recourse to active

measures, for Tilly was advancing on Leipsic, and the unfortunate Elector was far too weak to retain this flourishing city, for which he already presaged the fate of Magdeburg.

Accordingly he sent off his minister, Arnheim, with all the speed that man and horse could make, to entreat humbly the aid of the Swedish king. It was with some trembling and anxiety that Arnheim requested an audience, and the coldness with which Gustavus received him did not tend to reassure him.

The King listened gravely to Arnheim's story, and then replied, 'You are aware that I predicted long ago to your master all that has occurred; if his Highness the Elector had lent a favourable ear to my representations, Magdeburg would neither have been taken nor Saxony been in danger.'

Arnheim could not dispute this, but he endeavoured to work on Gustavus's good-nature by representing in eloquent terms the distresses of his master and of his unhappy country, to which Gustavus replied by expressions of sympathy and regret, and at length relented so far as to say, that though he had intended employing his army in the service of his brother-in-law, the Elector of Brandenburg, he was willing on certain conditions to



forget the Elector of Saxony's conduct towards himself and to assist him as far as lay in his power. The King then named his conditions, which were exceedingly severe, but certainly not more so than John George deserved.

The chief articles were that Wittemberg should be ceded to him as a residence, that the Elector should furnish the Swedish troops with three months' pay, that he should produce the traitors of the Austrian faction who had given him bad advice, and that he should sign an offensive and defensive treaty with Gustavus.

These terms, such as they were, were eagerly grasped by Arnheim, and thankfully acceded to by his master. John George told Gustavus that he might have not only Wittemberg, but all Saxony, if he wished it, that he himself and his eldest son would reside in the Swedish camp, and that all the traitors should be punished in the most exemplary manner, while he showered upon the King every protestation of gratitude and affection.

Gustavus, perceiving that the Elector was now in earnest, changed his tone and relaxed his conditions. He told Arnheim that he should be contented with a subsidy for one month, and he overlooked altogether the third condition, truly

suspecting that Arnheim himself was at the head of the traitors therein specified.

Everything was satisfactorily arranged in the meeting that took place between the King and the Elector at Wittemburg, and in a very few days the combined armies were marching on Leipsic, of which the Imperialists had already begun the siege.

ROCHESTER. Well, I must say you make a very attentive audience.

OTHO. You give us too little at a time. I hope we shall have some jolly battles soon.

HENRIK. I suppose you don't mean to give us any of the early biography of Gustavus ?

ROCHESTER. No ; for the same reason that I only take up Wallenstein's history at the point where it bisects the Thirty Years' War ; otherwise I might have found materials to work upon in some of the incidents of Gustavus's youth ; in his loves with the beautiful Countess Ebba Brahe, for instance.

HILDA. Gustavus the hero of a love story ! Tell it now, Rochie.

ROCHESTER. Henrik will, I dare say ; he probably knows it better than I.

HENRIK. There is not a great deal to tell. Soon after his accession to the throne, Gustavus fell desperately in love with the Countess Ebba Brahe, a very beautiful girl belonging to one of the noblest families in Sweden. He was perpetually by her side, and is said to have spent many a summer's evening walking with her in the woods of Sala, not very far from Stockholm—at least so tradition says. He proposed for her hand, and as Ebba was deeply in love with him, he was naturally accepted. However, the queen-mother was most violently opposed to the match. She entreated him not to contract what she considered a *més-alliance*, and Gustavus was at last persuaded to wait. It is said that she found some pretext for sending him abroad for a time, and meanwhile effectually prevented the marriage by making Ebba marry a nobleman of the court, called Jacques de la Gardie. Some accounts say that she generously persuaded Gustavus to give her up of his own free will.

OTH. Oh! but we won't believe that version of it.

HILDA. And poor Ebba died of a broken heart, I suppose?

HENRIK. Oh, no! she lived happily with her

husband, I believe. And Gustavus, too, recovered from his ill-fated love, for he was very much attached to Eleanor, his Queen, though it is said that he always looked back with a tender recollection to this period of his life. The love of Gustavus Adolphus and Ebba Brahe became a favourite subject of Swedish ballads.

ROLLO. What was that odd name our Gustavus gave Tilly?

ROCHESTER. He called him 'the Old Corporal:' Wallenstein, he called 'the Madman:' Pappenheim, 'the Soldier,' *par excellence*, on account of his fiery dashing courage.

OTHO. You will give us the battle of Leipsic in your next?

ROCHESTER. Yes; I must try my hand at describing a battle; and meanwhile it is time to go down to the drawing-room.

FOURTH EVENING.

SCENE X.

ON the morning of the 7th of September, 1631, the two opposing armies were drawn up for battle on the plain of Breitenfeld. The main body of the Imperialists was led by the old John of Tserclas, the famous Count Tilly. Small in stature, with aquiline features, and small brilliant eyes that flashed under dark overhanging brows, he reminded every one who saw him of the savage old Duke of Alva, whom he resembled in character also. He wore his usual fantastic dress—a green satin doublet and a high-crowned hat, surmounted by a tall scarlet feather, which fell half-way down his back. His charger was a white Croatian pony, which, as he himself averred, ‘had carried him all through his campaigns, and never once had failed him.’ It must be said of Tilly, that though sanguinary and ferocious, he was a true and faithful servant to his master, and was possessed of extraordinary courage

and endurance, not to mention that his military talents were of a high order.

At the head of the left wing rode one very different, in appearance at least, from John of Tserclas. Godfrey-Henry, Count Pappenheim, now found his long-cherished desire gratified of meeting the King of Sweden in the open field. Brave to the extreme of rashness, recklessly cruel, alike indifferent to every hardship and every danger, the number of wounds he had received seems fabulous, so that he bore the surname of the 'Balafre.' Though his character was hard, he had no small share of a certain chivalric generosity, and his intense admiration of the talents and virtues of his great antagonist the King of Sweden is a redeeming point in his character. Pappenheim copied him in various ways; in his dress, in the strictness of his moral conduct, and in his temperate habits, so different from those of the period: he was, as it happened, exactly the same age as Gustavus, and he had a superstitious conviction that his own fate was in some way linked with his.

The right wing was led by Count Furstenberg, and consisted chiefly of the Italian cavalry and of the Cronenberg horse, the flower of the Austrian army.

Opposite the fiery Pappenheim was stationed



the Saxon contingent, led by their Elector and General Arnheim. They were splendid regiments to look at, their polished armour glancing in the rays of the morning sun, their floating plumes and gay accoutrements forming a strong contrast to the dusty, weather-beaten troops of their ally the King of Sweden, whose equipments were somewhat the worse for the toils and hardships of war. The Swedish vanguard was composed of the Scotch, led by Ramsay and Hamilton ; the rearguard consisted of the Green Brigade, also Scotch, under their colonel, Sir John Hepburn. Gustaf Horne, Banier and Bauditzen commanded the cavalry ; and at the head of the infantry, mounted on a powerful and high-mettled piebald charger, wearing a plain doublet of grey cloth under his steel corslet, rode the great soldier on whom every Swedish eye was fixed in fond devotion—GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. As we have elsewhere described the Imperialist hero, Wallenstein, it is only fair that we should do the same by Gustavus. His fair complexion, blue eyes, and frank, good-humoured expression were characteristic of his Northern origin. The outline of feature, slightly aquiline, was well marked and noble ; the eyes, too, were large, penetrating and thoughtful, and seemed to look through those on

whom they were bent; high-principled, warm-hearted and generous, he was equally loved and revered, and Tilly himself observed that his troops were one and all enthusiastically attached to him. I will quote, however, Mitchell's eloquent description. This is what he says of the King:—

‘Unaffectedly pious, he prayed openly before his troops; of fiery courage, he was the first to charge at their head on the day of battle; and the boundless sway which he exercised over the minds of his soldiers became, when added to his intrepid temper, the principal cause of his success. He had received thirteen wounds during his campaigns; and this generous prince, the admiration of his own and all succeeding time, died at length on battle-plain the death of a private soldier. He appeared on the dark scene of the Thirty Years' War as the sun as it bursts in splendour through a tempestuous sky; and even as that sun gilds with its parting beams the stormy clouds around, so did the lustre of the great King's fame brighten the dark horizon to the last, and throw far aloft the rainbow of hope, which continued to animate his followers long after his own gallant course had closed for ever.’

The battle of Leipsic has been so often and so much better described, that I shall not attempt to



make my description very detailed, especially as we all understand mighty little of the jargon of military terms.

Let us, however, in the first instance, place ourselves by the side of Sir John Hepburn, as he sat immovable on his charger at the head of his own reserve corps.

'See, Douglas,' cries Hepburn, 'there go our countrymen; I knew Ramsay was to begin the attack. But here come the Imperialists; that is Pappenheim at their head, I'd swear.'

'They stand firm as rocks,' answers Douglas, wild with excitement; 'brave Ramsay, he drives them back.'

'Yes, and the cannonade begins again. Where is the King?'

'Pointing the guns; just look at him, in the hottest of the fire.'

'This is murderous work,' observed Hepburn, after the cannonading had continued for nearly two hours without intermission. 'Can you make out anything through that smoke, Reay?'

'It is clearing away a little now. The enemy is going to advance, I think. Now Swedes, now Saxons, stand firm!' cried young Lord Reay,

shouting to the troops as if he thought they could hear him.

Down upon the Swedish cavalry pour in unbroken line the eager troops of Count Godfrey the Balafre, but none are so eager as their impetuous commander, who has already descried Gustavus himself at the head of his Blue Brigade, and who burns to encounter him hand to hand. But the Swedes receive the shock without flinching; back roll the Imperialist squadrons, again to return to the charge, again to be driven back. In vain does Pappenheim strain every nerve to rally his men; it is now the Swedes' turn to charge; the reiters fly across the plain, and though Count Godfrey has slain fifteen men with his own hand, he is compelled at length to give way and to provide for his own safety.

But who is that, riding in haste across the field, and what does that apparent confusion on the left wing mean?

It is General Arnheim himself; he spurs his horse up to the King's side. 'Sire, Furstenberg has entirely dispersed and routed our troops; my master, the Elector, has fled; we are in urgent need of reinforcements.'

'What!' exclaims Gustavus, tightening his rein ; 'are the Saxons routed?' Then coolly surveying the field with his spy-glass he calls to one of his staff: 'Teüffel, hark! ride you down to the left and ascertain what is going on. Banier, do you follow up the pursuit of Pappenheim. I see Tilly is preparing to charge.' The King turns his piebald horse, and watches Teüffel as he speeds across the field: suddenly that officer reels in his saddle, then falls.

'Ah, my gallant Teüffel!' cries the King in a tone of deep grief; 'he is down.'

But there is no time to mourn for the fallen; an aide-de-camp is despatched to Marshal Horne, while Gustavus himself gives his horse the rein, and dashes along the line full gallop in search of Hepburn. The brave Scotch shout 'Vivat' as he rides up, and he, briefly answering the salute, cries, 'Forward, Hepburn!' and quickly answering to the voice and gesture, the impatient troops are instantly in motion. At the same instant, Field-Marshal Gustaf Horne wheels up the second line, to take the place of the cowardly Saxons, and gallantly arrests the advance of the Imperialists, who, led on by Tilly himself, open on the whole Swedish line a galling fire.

It does not last long however ; the Scotch, encouraged by the example of Hepburn, who, with his gorgeous armour and plunging horse, has succeeded in making himself a most conspicuous mark to the musketeers, burst through the columns of Tilly, and carry everything before them. They breast the hill, they seize the strongly-posted cannon, and turn them upon the Imperialists. That last charge finished the work. Tilly, after fighting with desperate courage, drew off the scattered remains of his broken army from the bloody field, and Hepburn, breathless and triumphant, his bright armour covered with dust and blood, rode up to Gustavus.

‘Sire,’ he announced, ‘the victory is ours ; the Cronenberg regiment alone still holds out with unconquerable obstinacy.’

‘They are retreating now, however, I see, and in wonderful order : call off the troops, Hepburn ; there is no occasion to continue the pursuit further. What is that firing going on in the wood out there ?’

And the King rode off to ascertain. Four regiments of infantry had retreated into a small wood, where they made good their ground, and where no offers of quarter from admiring enemies could induce them to surrender. Though half de-



stroyed they still fought on, till the gathering darkness enabled them to effect their retreat.

The victory on the part of the Swedes was most complete ; besides being masters of the field, they found themselves in possession of the Imperial camp also, and they soon made free with what it contained, recruiting themselves with the choice wines which they speedily discovered.

Round one of the fires which the soldiers had made, the autumnal night air being chilly, some of the Scotch officers and one or two of their Swedish comrades had assembled, and still wakeful from excitement they sat or lay, talking and eating.

'It was a glorious day,' remarked one ; 'but, Hepburn, the honour of it belongs to you.'

'By no means,' replied Hepburn ; 'if Marshal Horne had not repulsed Tilly's charge, my advance would have been of little use. He made up for the defection of those cowardly dogs, the Saxons.'

'Was not his Majesty very angry, Gassion, when Arnheim told him they and their prince had fled ?'

'Angry ? oh, no,' answered Gassion, a good-humoured young Frenchman ; 'but he was obliged to take very prompt measures to remedy the evil. I don't think, however, that he expected those young recruits to do much.'

'I never did,' observed Munro.

'I heard his Majesty say,' pursued Gassion, 'that for raw troops they had behaved very well. He added that he would pursue the Old Corporal to the end of the world.'

'Ah, the Old Corporal! Who knows how he got off? I heard he was severely wounded.'

'That black regiment of Cronenberg's horse, which they call the Invincibles, carried him off, I believe.'

'Yes,' said Gassion, 'I heard the Rheingraf, Otho-Louis, telling the King about it: a number of our fellows came up with the Old Corporal, as our master calls him, as he was drawing off with Pappenheim, and attacked his escort with tremendous fury. One of the captains of the Rheingraf's regiment (you knew him, I think; they called him long Fritz, he was such a giant) made his way up to old Tilly, who was already wounded, struck him severely with the butt end of his pistol, and certainly would have killed him if the Duke Rudolph of Saxe-Lauenberg had not shot him through the head. Then those black horsemen (only six hundred of them were remaining) dashed down to the rescue, and bore off their gallant old General. His Majesty was full of admiration at old Tilly's valour.'



'Is the King gone to rest?'

'Just going, I think: look, there he is, speaking to Banier. Why is he so fond of that officer, I wonder?'

'I could explain that,' said a Swedish officer.

'Oh!' exclaimed another; 'was there not some history of a duel between them?'

'Not at all,' observed a Scotch officer, who was lying by the embers of the fire and who now raised himself on his elbow, 'that was quite a different affair.'

'A duel!' cried several voices. 'King Gustavus ever concerned in a duel! What was it about, Seaton?'

'Let us hear the story of Banier first,' replied Seaton.

'It is not long,' said the Swede. 'The late King, Charles XI., as you perhaps know, put to death Banier's father. His present Majesty, very soon after his accession to the throne, was one day out hunting with several of the members of the Court. In the course of the day he lured Banier away into a wood unknown to the rest. He then, to Banier's surprise, desired him to dismount, and doing the same himself, he drew his own sword, and giving it to Banier, said, 'My father put yours

to death : if it is your desire to avenge him, I now give you the opportunity ; take my life ! If not, let us be friends for ever.' Banier told me that the words and manner of this kingly boy so affected him, taken as he was, too, by surprise, that he instantly threw himself at his feet, and vowed to him a life-long devotion.'

This anecdote was received with expressions of satisfaction by the audience.

'But the duel, Seaton, let us hear that,' said a hot-headed youth, who had a great partiality for that amusement himself, and was only restrained from indulging it by the stringent laws which Gustavus had passed against it.

'During one of the King's early campaigns in Poland,' said Seaton, 'he had a quarrel with one of his officers, and being, as we all know, warm-tempered, he forgot himself so far as to strike the officer. Naturally the other was furious ; he threw up his commission at once, and made instant preparations for quitting the country. They were soon completed, and he set off for the frontier. Meanwhile his Majesty had time to cool, and to regret intensely what had happened. After some reflection he suddenly ordered a horse to be saddled, desired a single aide-de-camp to accompany



him, and set off on the route the officer had taken. By riding hard all night the King overtook him on a bare plain, rode up to him and said, 'Sir, I acknowledge that I insulted you ; I have followed you here to offer you the satisfaction of a gentleman. I am here out of my own dominions ; we therefore meet as equals. Dismount and draw.'

'The officer gazed at his sovereign for a moment, too much surprised to speak, but he then sprang from his horse, seized his Majesty's hand, kissed it, and exclaimed with emotion, "Sire, you have fully recompensed me for any indignity you have done me." His Majesty was, I believe, equally affected ; he embraced the other, and they returned to head-quarters on the most friendly and affectionate terms.'

'Do you know who the officer was ?' asked Hepburn, who had listened with much interest to this narrative.

'I do : his name was Seaton.'

'Yourself ?'

'The same,' and Seaton resuming his former recumbent attitude, and wrapping himself again in his cloak, resigned himself to sleep.

'Well,' observed the above-mentioned hot-

headed youth, 'I am surprised Seaton did not fight him.'

'Are you?' said Gassion. 'I entirely differ from you. Seaton's wounded honour must have been completely healed by the King's generosity, and what would have been his remorse if he had had the misfortune to kill the King? No, no, they both behaved beautifully. But half our comrades are asleep, I see, and as I am not on duty to-night, I shall follow their example.'

But notwithstanding his freedom, Gassion moved away, and stretching himself at the door of the King's tent, selected his place of repose there for the night.

A day or two afterwards, the Swedes were marching into the pleasant town of Halle, where the King was to meet his valuable allies the Saxons, and where future operations were to be decided upon. The different regiments were to be drawn up before the great hall of the Moritzburg, and the principal officers assembled by degrees in the building to await the two sovereigns. The Scotch got into a cluster together, Hepburn and Munro, the inseparable friends, standing a little apart talking.

‘I suppose some of us will be presented to this precious Elector,’ said old Munro.

Hepburn laughed at Munro’s tone of intense contempt, and they proceeded to talk of a scene which had occurred the preceding day, when the King had thanked his troops for their gallantry at Leipsic. They were interrupted by the opening of the great doors, and the entrance of the King and the Elector.

They came in side by side. Behind Gustavus were his favourites, the gallant and kind-hearted Horne and the fiery Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, while the Elector was attended closely by Arnheim. John George’s countenance expressed a mixture of shame and assurance, though the manner of Gustavus towards him was perfectly cordial and unembarrassed. The eyes of the latter meanwhile glanced round the hall till they rested upon the Scottish officers, whom he beckoned to come forward.

‘I must present to your Highness,’ he said, turning to the Elector, ‘my brave Scotchmen. Come forward, Sir John Hepburn—and Munro, what is become of him?’ and Munro, who had held back, not at all from bashfulness, but from his dislike to the Elector, performed his obeisance with a tolerable grace. But Gustavus, taking his hand

as he was about to retire in one of his own, and throwing the other kindly round his shoulder, said, 'Munro, I wish you could be master of the bottles and glasses to-night, and bear as much wine as old Major-General Sir Patrick Ruthven, that you might assist me to make my guests merry ; but you lack strength of head to relieve me on such an occasion.'

Then, without giving Munro time to answer, he turned to the Elector and spoke to him in the highest terms of the courage of his brave Scotch, especially of Hepburn. They were greatly pleased, not at the report of their valorous actions to the Elector, but at the evident satisfaction and high opinion of their own leader. High feasting closed this day of rejoicing, in the course of which the Elector got as inebriated as usual, and Gustavus, who seldom drank any wine at all, may be supposed to have endured a penance as great as any modern public dinner can inflict upon a great man.

I have already observed that it is not my intention to write a history of the Thirty Years' War. I therefore do not pretend to follow the great King closely on his brilliant and rapid career, in which, by the strength of his own genius, he forced his way through the heart of Germany, from Leipsic

to the Danube, and even to Munich itself. Some historians say that he ought to have marched straight to Vienna; others, that no step could have been so rash. Oxenstiern, however, after deliberating upon the subject from September to December, and finally telling his Majesty that he would rather have joined him at Vienna than at Mentz, was entirely brought round to Gustavus' view of the question in the course of a single conversation. It would certainly seem to have been the most tempting game to seize the empire and plant himself on Ferdinand's throne, while the Elector of Bavaria and Tilly were reorganising their army, and overrunning Protestant Germany, which Gustavus had come to protect.

However this may be, the court of Vienna had begun to be alarmed: the wits of the cabinet left off calling Gustavus a King of Snow, who would melt when he came southward; and Ferdinand began to wonder sometimes whether Albert of Friedland and Mecklenburg was perfectly happy in his retirement, and, in short, to feel a sudden and a very kindly interest in his proceedings.

Meanwhile, Gustavus Adolphus was leading his victorious army from city to city, his brave troops undiscouraged by the superadded hardships of

snow and frost, and all the discomforts of a severe winter—hardships for which they cared all the less that their sovereign shared all most cheerfully with them. Christmas he kept full royally at Mentz, in company with the unfortunate King of Bohemia.

This city was taken by storm on the 13th of December, Gustavus riding in on the 14th, his thirty-seventh birthday.

Hepburn, the hero of the assault, rode by his side; and then the Scotch brigade took up their quarters, to refresh and recruit during the bitter month of January. A wounded Swedish officer was also quartered with them, the brave Colonel Axel Lilly. This unfortunate individual came by his wound in a singular way. During the siege he had crept over to Hepburn's post one night for society's sake. He and Hepburn and Munro sat by the watch-fire as comfortably as possible, and as indifferent to the gleaming snow and pitchy sky as they were to the whistling of the cannon-balls which constantly passed over their heads. Axel now and then ducked his head as one came inconveniently near, and laughingly observed, 'I wonder what would be thought if anything were to happen to me, for I have no sort of business here.' He had hardly said the words, when a cannon-ball



came crashing into the middle of the social party, and carried off Axel's leg below the knee. He was very much taken care of and immensely pitied, and heaped with favours and honours and sinecures by the King, till old Munro grew jealous, and grumbled in a suppressed manner like a discontented bear.

Axel remained for the present on sick leave to be nursed by Hepburn, who had a peculiar talent for recommending himself to the sick and wounded.

And now every day brought tidings to the court of Vienna of another Protestant victory : from the Elbe to the Rhine, from the Rhine to the Danube, town after town yielded to the Swedish arms ; while, at the same time, Bohemia surrendered almost without a struggle to the Saxons under Arnheim. The passage of the Danube was made at Donauworth, after a night of tremendous fighting ; for the place, being strong in itself, was gallantly defended by Duke Rodolph of Saxe Lauenburg, and as gallantly stormed by our countrymen under Hepburn, who led the attack. At daybreak Hepburn was sent for by the King, and being led through the encumbered streets to a handsome house, one of the largest in the town and the least injured, was shown into a room where

he found assembled—Gustavus, Frederic the exiled King of Bohemia, Bernard of Weimar, and several others. It would have made a good subject for one of Cattermole's drawings, and one can picture the scene: the old-fashioned stone hall, with the wintry dawn peeping in through the small lattice panes; the square, massive table; the lofty chimney-piece, with its antique carvings; the newly-lighted fire of pine logs, glowing and flickering on the scattered pieces of armour which the princes, seated round in the careless attitudes of wearied men, have just unbuckled, while they refresh themselves with those tall flagons of cool Rhenish after the fatigues of the night.

Hepburn was thanked, in the presence of these personages, by his royal master, and went away extremely gratified to occupy the only remaining post of danger.

Gustavus stood on the banks of the rapid Lech, the army of the Imperialists, strongly entrenched, occupying the other side; contrary to the advice of his most experienced generals, he was determined to cross the river and risk all on the fate of a battle, and though, from the nature of the ground, the enterprise was beyond measure perilous, Gustavus felt hardly doubtful of the result.

Meanwhile, Tilly anxiously watched his proceedings, and discussed with his generals the question whether his gallant adversary would attempt the passage. They all agreed that it was extremely unlikely; but Tilly was too well acquainted with the character of the Lion of the North not to have his misgivings. The event justified his fears.

The first measure on the part of the King was to throw a bridge across the river, an operation which was effected in two days, while a thick blue smoke, which rose from the Swedish quarters, prevented the Imperialists from discovering the work till it was half finished. Under cover of a battery of seventy-two cannons, the Swedes forced the passage, though the enemy on their side were not idle, and their artillery numbered nearly a hundred pieces. But that of Gustavus, posted by himself at the imminent peril of his own life, stood higher than that of Tilly, and made dreadful havoc in his ranks. In vain was the desperate courage of the gallant old Tilly; a ball carried away his knee, and fainting with acute pain he was carried from the field and conveyed to Ingolstadt in a litter. Altringer took his place, but he was also dangerously wounded, and the troops, entirely discouraged by the loss of their leaders, gave way; Maximilian,

their Elector, indeed was present, but he had kept in the background, and being convinced that the fortunes of the day were irretrievable, he led the shattered remains of his army back to Ingolstadt.

It was a touching scene, the death-bed of old John of Tserclas ; that devoted fidelity to his master, which had been pretty nearly his only good quality through life, seemed to occupy his dying thoughts. As Maximilian of Bavaria stood sorrowfully by his bed-side, Tilly, in spite of his agonising sufferings, rallied his remaining energies to express to that prince all the depth of his attachment, and with his dying breath earnestly entreated him to entrench himself in Ratisbon, and never surrender it to the Swedes.

SCENE XI.

Munich ! open wide your gates, the Lion of the North is approaching.

Augsburg, Neuburg, and Nuremburg were indeed at the conqueror's feet, and in the morning dawn Gustavus rode into the capital of Bavaria, the stronghold of the Catholic faith. He passed through the great square where that noble statue, by Thorvaldsen, of the Elector Maximilian now



stands, to remind every one how he made no attempt to defend his capital then; and in a short time, Gustavus and his ally the King of Bohemia were established in the electoral palace.

The King appointed the two regiments of Munro and Spynie to act as his bodyguard while he remained at Munich. This was considered a great honour, but rather a troublesome one, for they were on guard night and day, the officers having their meals sent to them from the King's table. One afternoon Hepburn came in to see how his companions were getting on, and Gassion, Leonard Torstensohn, and one or two others, dropped in soon after.

'Well, Munro, you have better quarters here than you had when we were besieging Ingolstadt,' said Hepburn, glancing round the handsome guard-room.

'Ay, indeed,' responded Munro. 'I lost twelve men by one shot, when we were cooling our heels before that place.'

'Worse than our adventure before Mentz. By the way, does any one know how Lilly is going on?'

'Pretty well, I should think,' answered Munro,

with a sort of grunt ; 'his Majesty gave him several times the value of that precious limb.'

'That reminds me,' said Hepburn, 'I want to know the particulars of the accident that happened to the King before Ingolstadt. Who was present ?'

'Gassion ought to relate them best,' suggested Torstensohn ; 'he picked him up.'

'How did it happen, Gassion ?'

'Why,' said Gassion, 'his Majesty rode out on that white Persian mare of his, to make some observations on a particular part of the defences. You know what a coat the mare has—shines like silver. Of course he would get too near to the enemy's batteries, according to his usual custom, and a cannon-ball struck his palfrey on the flank—poor little beast !—so close to the King's leg that it actually grazed the skin. Naturally the King and his steed rolled over and over in a mass of blood and dust and confusion, and I thought he was killed ; that is to say, as soon as I had time to think, for the wind of the shot knocked me over too. I can assure you that was an unpleasant moment in my life. I scrambled on my feet as soon as I could, and ran to him ; but he had recovered from the stunning effect of the fall, and said to me



when I came up, "How was it possible for the enemy to hit me? I thought I was out of cannon-shot." He was much vexed about his beautiful mare, which was a great favourite.'

'I only wish he could be persuaded not to expose his life so recklessly; but he is convinced that it is his duty always to be at the post of danger.'

'What a horrible fright those Munich gentlemen were in; did you see them, Hepburn, fall down on their knees to the King, and beg him to be merciful?'

'Of course I did, for I was close to the King. His Majesty was seriously displeased, I can tell you; he desired them to rise instantly, and kneel only to the King of kings. He never can bear that kind of servile adulation.'

'I was so amused,' said Gassion, 'at a conversation between the King and one of the officials, who was showing his Majesty through the apartments of the palace. You were present, were you not, Hepburn?'

'I don't recollect, however, Gassion, to what you allude.'

'Why, the King asked who was the architect; the custodian replied that it was the Elector himself, upon which his Majesty expressed a wish to

engage so clever an architect in his service, saying he would send him to Stockholm. He said this with that droll look in his eye that we all know ; but the custodian composedly replied that the Elector architect would take good care to decline the offer. The King was quite pleased with the effect of his small joke.'

'Oh, Gassion, I want to know where you went to the other day with the King. You looked rather bored.'

'Bored ? I only wish you had been there instead of me. I never was so bored in my life. His Majesty went to see the Jesuits' College, and it was just after he had been to hear mass ; so he must needs enter into a long discussion with the Jesuits, about transubstantiation and consubstantiation, and other deep questions of theology. If you had been there, Hepburn, you might have helped the priests, perhaps, for I assure you they had much the worst of it.'

The Jesuits knew better than to let it be otherwise,' replied Hepburn with a smile—while biting his lip—for our Scotchman was a Roman Catholic, and a very sincere one.

'Meanwhile,' said another voice, 'have you heard, gentlemen, what has happened in Bohemia?'



The voice was that of Gustaf Horne, who had just entered the room, and every one clamoured to hear the news.

Gustaf smiled. 'We shall have plenty of work in our hands from that quarter soon ;' then refusing to satisfy their noisy curiosity any further, he took Hepburn's arm and led him away.

In order to understand Horne's communication, we must leave the Swedish camp for a while, and pay a visit to an old acquaintance.

HENRIK. An old acquaintance. Who is that ?

HILDA. I know : it is Wallenstein.

HENRIK. Oh yes, of course.

OTHO. I shall be glad to return to Duke Albert ; he is rather a friend of mine.

HENRIK. I say, Rochester, you pass over the Swedes' progress through Germany very quickly.

ROCHESTER. My dear boy, if I were to describe minutely the siege of every place, my sketches would grow tedious.

ROBERT. What lots of English and Scotch Gustavus had in his army. I wish I had been one of them, in spite of what Menteith says.

HENRIK. Who is Menteith, and what says he ?

ROCHESTER. Don't you remember — in the *Legend of Montrose* ? He is the young cavalier, you know, who is so provoked at Dugald Dalgetty eternally boasting of having served under Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North.

HENRIK. Ah, yes ! I remember now. I read it in German. Menteith is the chivalrous hero who fights all for patriotism and loyalty, and abhors mercenary soldiers, like our friends Munro and Hepburn.

OTH. It is certainly rather curious how perpetually the Scotch were fighting in the quarrels of other nations.

HILDA. As bad as the Swiss.

ROCHESTER. Oh, no ! they were not so mercenary as the Swiss. The Swiss had not the slightest scruples in breaking their engagements to one party if larger pay were offered by the other, so that they have been known to desert on the eve of a battle. The Scotch, on the contrary, were very faithful.

OTH. There were the Scotch guards of Louis XI., for instance.

ROCHESTER. Yes, Messieurs les Gardes Ecos-sais were always a privileged corps. Louis XIII.

appears to have had a Scotch guard also, commanded by the Marquis of Douglas, I rather think ; and if you remember, Otho, the Scottish Jacobite exiles, after the Revolution of 1688, formed themselves into a Scotch regiment composed entirely of gentlemen, who fought most gallantly in the service of Louis XIV., and were nearly all cut to pieces in his continental wars. They won small thanks and little pay, but much glory.

OTHO. Oh, yes. I remember. Aytoun speaks of them ; they were commanded by Lord Ogilvie, who wrote that pretty ballad that Mamma sings, and which begins :—

‘ It was a’ for our rightful King
We left fair Scotia’s strand.’

HILDA. Oh, I know it. It is such a favourite of mine. Do you remember the last verse?—

‘ When day is gane and night is come
And a’ are boun to sleep,
I’ll think on him that’s far awa’
The livelang night and weep,
My dear,
The livelang night and weep.’

ROCHESTER. Yes, the Scotch generally had

scathe and woe by their connexion with France. You know it is said that the Queen of France sent a torquoise ring to James IV., and charged him to break a lance for her sake. He fought the battle of Flodden in consequence.

ROLLO. Do you know, Rochester, I don't believe that Gustavus's Scotch troops were better than the Swedes.

ROCHESTER. Quite right to stick up for your country, Rollo; but I am afraid the Scotch were finer troops, and could stand a charge of cavalry better. However, for your comfort, Rollo, Gustavus himself complained that they were dreadfully lazy at any engineering work, and that they were too proud to work in the trenches.

HILDA. Do you know, brothers and cousins, that it is past eight o'clock, and that we must go downstairs?

OTHO. We have no reading you know, next Saturday, because it is Oscar's birthday, and the children all sit up an hour later in consequence.

ROLLO. Ah, yes, and we are going to have a magic-lantern after tea, which Oscar, and Theresa, and me have never seen.

ROBERT (sententiously). And never will see if

you don't talk better English, Rollo. Theresa and I, you should say.

OTHO. So you will have plenty of time to prepare against Saturday week, Rochie.

And Otho taking his brother's arm, they followed the children downstairs.

FIFTH EVENING.

WHILE the events of which we have been speaking were taking place, the court of Vienna was in a state little short of distraction, and now Tilly's army, their last resource, was destroyed.

SCENE XII.

Two gentlemen were one afternoon pacing up and down an ante-room in the palace of Vienna, talking earnestly. They were Count Questenberg and the Duke of Eggenberg, whose names we have already had occasion to mention, and the latter seemed to have just returned from a journey, for he was booted and spurred.

'I never felt sanguine,' Questenberg was saying, 'that much would be accomplished by means of negotiation.'

'There was reason to suppose it possible,' answered Eggenberg, 'that by a private interview with Arnheim, Duke Albert's influence with him



might have drawn Saxony from the Swedish alliance.'

'Not very likely,' said Questenberg. 'No, no, if the Duke will undertake to raise an army again and take the command, the empire may be saved. John George knows his interest too well to desert the King of Sweden now.'

'I presume the Emperor's letter to Friedland did much to shake his resolution.'

'Yes, when the Emperor wrote in his own hand to entreat the Duke "not to forsake him in his hour of adversity," he could not well refuse.'

'From what I know of our friend's character, I am not at all surprised that he dismissed entirely that clause giving the King of Hungary a command.'

'He certainly was vehement in the expression of his resolution. You heard, did you not, Questenberg? what was his reply: "Never will I accept a divided command, were God Himself to be my coadjutor. No, I must command alone or not at all."'

The conversation was here interrupted by a summons from the Emperor, and the two nobles hastened into the Imperial presence.

'You bring me good news from Znaim, Eggenberg, I trust,' said the Emperor eagerly.

'Sire,' said the Duke, 'his Excellency has yielded,

and will come forward as he did in 1624, with an army of fifty thousand men ; he will not, however, accept the office of commander-in-chief, but promises that the army shall be forthcoming in three months.'

The Emperor's countenance fell. 'Only for three months, and will he not be persuaded to remain at the head of the army he promises to create?'

'It is useless, Sire, to press him further now ; when the army is raised his resolution may change ; and if not, there are others—Count Godfrey of Pappenheim, for instance, the King of Hungary himself.'

The Emperor shook his head despondingly : 'No one but Friedland can command Friedland's armies. Remember the results of the Diet of Ratisbon.'

SCENE XIII.

Three months had passed away, and Wallenstein stood in the midst of an army of forty thousand men, which the magic of his name alone had called round his standard. Well might his heart swell with pride at the thought, that what all the

efforts of the Emperor had failed to accomplish, a single word of his had achieved. His promise was fulfilled, the army was there, and Friedland's task was done.

'You urge me in vain,' he said to his brother-in-law Terzki; 'as soon as the Emperor has named the commander-in-chief I return to Gitschin.'

'Then,' said Terzki, 'this army will disappear and melt away like the former one — did they not desert by hundreds when you quitted Memmingen?'

Wallenstein shrugged his shoulders. 'In my state of health how is it possible for me to lead an army? constantly crippled with gout, I am utterly unfit for the laborious office that is pressed upon me. You may think this affectation, and the Emperor probably will think so too, but it is the truth.'

'And you have informed the Emperor of your resolution?'

'His Imperial Majesty knew it from the first. I have only repeated what I announced from the beginning.'

One of the gentlemen-in-waiting at this moment entered the apartment where the brothers-in-law were sitting. 'His Excellency the Duke of Eggen-

berg is just arrived from Vienna and solicits an audience of your Highness.'

Wallenstein looked at Terzki, who smiled.

'Eggenberg again in person. You smile, brother, but you will find I am proof.' And he left the room to see the Duke of Eggenberg.

That evening the news spread through the camp at Znaim that Albert of Friedland had given way to the supplicating letters of the Emperor and the King of Hungary and had accepted the command. The troops received the intelligence with acclamations of joy, but few were aware of the tremendous price at which Wallenstein's concessions had been obtained. He was to be commander-in-chief, and neither the Emperor nor his son were to interfere in the slightest degree with any of the regulations of the army, or even to be present at head-quarters. All appointments, rewards, and punishments, were to rest solely with the Duke of Friedland, and all the conquests he might make were to be at his own disposal. As the reward of his services he was to have a principality of the Empire bestowed upon him (in lieu, we must suppose, of Mecklenburg, which Gustavus Adolphus had unfortunately con-

quered and restored to its legitimate owners) ; he added, however, that he was to be confirmed in the possession of the said duchy of Mecklenburg, from whence it is to be concluded that he had full intentions of reconquering that province. Ferdinand had no choice but to comply with these conditions, and with several more besides, and Wallenstein, his characteristic energy called into action, did not disappoint the hopes that were centred in him. True, Arnheim watched the formation of this army under his very guns without taking a step to prevent it. In vain were the exhortations and remonstrances of the indignant Gustavus ; Arnheim, whose supine indifference bears very much the aspect of treachery, retreated hastily from Prague at Wallenstein's approach, and in a very few weeks the whole of Bohemia was again subject to the Empire.

This done, Friedland announced his intention of marching into Saxony, to the utter consternation of the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria. Maximilian humbled himself to implore the General to hasten to the relief of his Bavarian dominions, and a painful necessity it must have been to the Elector, who had most vehemently insisted upon Wallenstein's dismissal at the Diet of Ratisbon, and who hated him with a cordial hatred. Wallenstein, after a

short resistance, yielded to the Elector's prayers, and, by slow and stately marches, advanced towards Egra. It was a glorious summer's day when the two generals met in the presence of their respective armies at Egra. A solemn bond of reconciliation was drawn up between those haughty rivals, and it would have been difficult for the keenest observer to discover in the composed countenance and the cordial expressions of gratitude of the courtly Maximilian, how keenly sensible he was of his humiliating position, while some historians say that Albert of Friedland was not so perfect in the art of dissimulation, and that his eyes were lighted up with a satisfaction he could not repress at the degradation of his implacable enemy.

SCENE XIV.

The fortifications were completed—the laborious work was finished. Well done, lords and burghers of Nuremberg! With such bulwarks to protect you, with such an army and such a leader to defend you, you may defy Wallenstein himself, though he should lead the whole Catholic force of the Empire against your glorious old city.

It was the 26th of June when, from the entrench-

ments of the Swedish camp, the advanced guard of the Imperial army might be descried busily engaged in taking up a position near the village of Furth, close to Nuremberg. Many of the officers not on duty had assembled with eager curiosity to watch the enemy's manœuvres, and not the least eager was the King himself, who was looking through his magnifying glass, surrounded by Sir John Hepburn, Gassion, Horne, and others of his favourites.

'By St. Dominic ! but the Imperialist has chosen his ground well,' was the exclamation of the Roman Catholic Hepburn ; 'look, Sire, his strongest points will evidently be the Altenberg and the Alte Feste.'

'So I see,' answered Gustavus ; 'the very spot I should have chosen myself had I been in his place. Well, if he intends to remain there, it will be no child's play to dislodge him.'

'I would give something to know what his intentions are,' said Gassion to the sturdy veteran Munro, who was standing next to him.

'What is your opinion of them, Frenchman ?' cried the King, who had overheard Gassion's observation.

Gassion coloured at being drawn into notice,

but replied directly : 'I think, Sire, that the Duke of Friedland will make a starving campaign of it.'

The King looked grave upon this, and walked slowly and thoughtfully to his tent.

SCENE XV.

Yes. Gassion was right.

'Then your Excellency will not attack?' said Colonel Ludovico Isolani to Wallenstein, the morning after the encampment, and as that general was watching the progress of the fortifications.

'Certainly not,' was the reply; 'battles enough have been fought already. It is high time to try another method.'

'By cutting off their supplies,' suggested Isolani respectfully.

'Yes, Colonel, and let a detachment of Croats hunt up the neighbourhood presently. We will proceed by degrees till we draw a cordon round them, but I may leave the details to you.'

Isolani smiled slightly as he bowed in obedience, and replied : 'My Croats will do the business, your Excellency. I don't know the fellows who are



better adapted for that kind of work—witness Magdeburg.’

‘Silence, Colonel Isolani,’ returned Wallenstein, in that short peremptory tone of command which he knew so well how to assume; ‘the affair of Magdeburg was an atrocious massacre, and a disgrace to all concerned in it. You are a gallant officer, Isolani,’ he continued, laying his hand on the Colonel’s shoulder; ‘but you are too merciless.’

Isolani’s reply showed that if the rebuke was unheeded, neither was it resented. ‘Men’s tastes differ on these points, your Excellency. My opinion is that everything is allowable in war.’

Wallenstein shook his head, but smiled as his fiery lieutenant retired to execute his orders.

Those wild half-savage troops, the Croatians, had long enjoyed the reputation of being the greatest robbers in the Imperial army. It has been said that the love of plunder has been handed down from father to son, and that the troops of the famous Jellachich, the Ban of Croatia, had no objection in the Hungarian war of 1848 to lay violent hands on anything they happened to fancy, though there is no doubt that they have been much maligned by a certain party in England. However, I suspect that in dress and manners they

are little changed from what they were in the 17th century. Mounted on their strong wiry little horses, with their long Turkish looking guns and crooked sabres, their straggling locks streaming in the wind, the Red Mantles were soon scouring the country in all directions around Nuremburg in search of provisions, and with the object of arresting any that were on their way to the Swedish camp. Gustavus Adolphus had a great aversion to these barbarians, as he called them, for the cruelty which they invariably showed towards their enemies shocked and disgusted him, whose gentleness and humanity were so remarkable. But it must not be supposed that these gentry were allowed to pursue their amusements unmolested by the Swedes, and constant skirmishes took place between them and the Swedish light cavalry.

Meanwhile, it was almost as well for Gustavus that Wallenstein declined to attack his strongly fortified camp, for while the Imperialists numbered sixty thousand, Gustavus had barely twenty thousand men, and the delay was rather useful than not, for reinforcements kept pouring in, and his army increased from day to day, so that the Swedes soon hoped to punish the Croats for their audacity.



SCENE XVI.

One warm evening in July a select body of cavalry quietly issued out of the Swedish camp, and took the road towards Friendstadt, a small town about sixteen miles from Nuremburg. Gustavus had received information that a large convoy, which had arrived from Austria and Bavaria, was assembled there on its route to Wallenstein's camp, and he was determined to intercept it if possible.

Two trustworthy officers led the Swedish detachment; the first was Colonel M'Dougal, always called Dewbattel by the Swedes—why, nobody knows—a gallant Scotchman and an excellent officer. The second was our young friend Gassion; he was barely twenty-one at this time, but trustworthy, intrepid, and full of military talent. He was very shy and retiring in disposition, but blunt and open, and honest as the day, and a great favourite with the King. Gassion was not a favourite with fine ladies, for he was awkward and ugly, and in fact he was never happy save when in the camp.

The Swedes reached Friendstadt soon after midnight, and walked into the town without the smallest difficulty, killed and disarmed the garrison

in a very short space of time, and proceeded at their leisure to load two hundred waggons with military stores, after which they began their return, driving before them great numbers of cattle. By this time news of the disaster had reached Wallenstein's camp, and he instantly sent out Colonel Sparre, at the head of a strong detachment, to intercept Dewbattel and rescue the Imperial stores. But as Harte quaintly observes, 'the King knew what Wallenstein would do on this occasion better than Wallenstein himself,' and he took his measures accordingly. At the head of a thousand musketeers and eight hundred horse, Gustavus himself sallied forth early in the morning to cover the retreat of his officers.

'Cratzenstein,' said the King to one of his pages; 'isn't that armour glancing in the sun? Dewbattel can hardly have got so far on his way home.'

'I shall be able to tell directly, Sire,' answered the youth, and he pressed his horse up the ridge of broken rocky ground which they were descending. In an instant he turned his horse and dashed back to the King. 'They are Imperialists, Sire!' he shouted, his voice trembling with delight and excitement, 'and they have just found us out.'



'You are right,' said Gustavus, and hurrying his troops forward they came in view of the glittering lines of the Imperialists, who almost doubled the Swedish troops in numbers. Sparre instantly charged, and the first discharge of carbines stretched the eager young Cratzenstein dead at his master's side. The Swedes withstood the shock with their usual firmness, but Colonel Reis, commander of the infantry, fell also, and there was no one who could fill his place. Gustavus in this emergency instantly dismounted, took up the pike, and placed himself at the head of the musketeers, plunging into the thickest of the fight, which had now become a desperate *mêlée*. At length those skirmishing fellows, the Croats, began to give way and were swept off the field; then Gonzaga's regiment ran away, every man of them, leaving their commander entirely alone; but still one thousand musketeers led by two Scotchmen, Gordon and Leslie, stood firm as rocks, to the great admiration of Gustavus, who was as enchanted at their courage as if they had been his own troops.

'If those men are Scots,' he exclaimed, 'and they fall into my hands, they shall depart unransomed; by my honour, if all the Imperialists had fought as well, I should have lost this day.'

But these brave regiments being left quite unsupported, they were obliged to surrender, and Gordon and Leslie were both taken. The King, who had remounted his charger, went forward to meet them, and said, with a smile, 'You have given me some trouble to-day, gentlemen. I never saw a more heroic resistance than you and your musketeers made to the charges of my cavalry; I am proud to make your acquaintance.'

Gordon and Leslie coloured high with gratified pride, and bowed low to the King's complimentary speech, while Gustavus added, 'I shall only detain you long enough at my quarters to introduce you to some compatriots of yours, and meanwhile I hope you will consider yourselves as my guests, not as my prisoners; but who have we here—another prisoner?'

'It is our commander,' exclaimed Gordon; and as he stepped back he whispered to Leslie, 'Rather Sparre than I; you know he was taken prisoner before, and gave his parole not to serve again; he will be lucky if he escapes with his head.'

The unfortunate Colonel Sparre was meanwhile hurried very unceremoniously up to the King. He was rather in a melancholy plight, for he had endeavoured to conceal himself in a morass, and

his captors had snatched the gold chain from him, the usual mark of rank.

The King on seeing him burst out laughing, and exclaimed, 'Ah, Monsieur Sparre, I see you love me so dearly you cannot refrain long from my company.'

While this sharply contested fight had been going on, Dewbattel and Gassion had arrived with their prize safe at the Swedish camp. They had returned from Friendstadt by a different road, and had not fallen in with their sovereign and his reinforcement.

'How,' exclaimed Gassion, when he learnt the facts, 'did his Majesty accompany the troops in person?'

'They will have met with the Imperialists,' said Dewbattel, who was busy unlacing his armour.

'There has been some firing going on, Colonel,' said one of the soldiers; 'it only ceased a short time ago.'

'Ah, yes,' replied Dewbattel. 'Wallenstein must have heard of our escapade by this time. But I must see about these stores.' And Dewbattel went off to give orders about the unloading of the waggons.

Gassion, on his part, stood a moment reflecting.

Then he suddenly turned to his servant, who had entered to unbuckle his master's armour, and said, 'Pierre, order a fresh horse for me instantly, and desire fifteen men of my regiment to get to horse directly.'

The man looked surprised, and stopped an instant to say, 'Will you not change your dress, Monsieur Jean?'

'No, no; only make haste, that's all.'

In five minutes Gassion, without telling any one, was dashing along the road the King had taken, as fresh as if he had just risen from a good night's rest. Gustavus had set forward on his return to the camp, when he descried the honest face of his young French lieutenant. Reining in his charger, Gustavus held out his hand with a smile to Gassion, and desiring him to ride close up, he caressingly threw his arm round the young man's neck, and said,—

'Well, my faithful Frenchman,' (he always called him by that name) 'how is it I see you here with this slender escort?'

Gassion raised his eyes and the colour mounted to his brow, as he answered earnestly in *military* Latin, for he could talk no other and knew no German, 'Sire, you once promised me the honour of



dying near you, and I hasten now to take my chance.'

The King withdrew his arm from Gassion's neck, warmly to press his hand.

'Frenchman,' he replied, 'take my word, I will engage in no battle but you shall share in the blows given and received on either side.'

Gassion received this pleasing assurance with the most sincere gratitude and satisfaction, and he rode back to the camp at the King's right hand. It was late in the day when they reached the Swedish camp, but the Imperialists did not venture to molest them, and though a few straggling bands of Croatians were hovering about they took care to keep their distance.

Gustavus sent for Dewbattel before even he dismounted, and thanked him in the presence of Horne, Hepburn, Bernard of Saxe Weimar, and all his chief commanders; quite a sufficient recompense in the honest Scotchman's opinion for much greater services.

'Hepburn,' said the King, then turning to the Colonel, 'you will take charge of these gallant gentlemen,' indicating Gordon and Leslie, 'they are countrymen of yours, and you will have the kindness to do the honours of Nuremberg to them.'

Hepburn obeyed with his usual alacrity and good breeding, and we may mention here that Gordon and Leslie were so overwhelmed by the eager hospitality of the Scotch officers that they could not get back to the camp of the Altenberg for five weeks.

Gustavus had one more duty to perform before he retired to rest that night. He considered the success of Dewbattel so important that he sent word to his chaplain to return thanks for it in the usual public prayers the following day.

Suppose we now pay a visit to the camp of the Altenberg, and see what was going on there.

SCENE XVII.

The news of this daring exploit of the Swedes was by no means satisfactory to the Imperialists, and the officers could not conceal from themselves that the loss of so much forage and provisions was likely to cause want in the camp.

‘His Excellency looks black as thunder,’ remarked Piccolomini; ‘he has put Gonzaga under arrest. Did you hear that?’

‘What for?’ exclaimed Illo.

‘He is to be tried by court-martial because his

regiment ran away,' said Kinski ; 'however, I have no doubt he will clear himself.'

'I say, Isolani,' struck in another officer, 'I never saw any men look so crest-fallen as your Croats do ; half of them appear to be lying asleep in the sun, instead of being at their usual avocations of foraging and stealing.'

Isolani, who was a young man, and commanded these active skirmishing troops in the absence of Count Pappenheim, was rather nettled by this disparaging observation, but only remarked, 'They will soon recover themselves.'

Gonzaga was brought to trial as Kinski had said, and most honourably acquitted ; it was found that he was the only man of his regiment who had stood his ground : that being the case, it was impossible to visit upon him the transgression of his men.

SCENE XVIII.

'So our Croatians have redeemed their character,' said Piccolomini, lounging into the apartment of Count Schaffgotsch, where that officer was standing considerably excited. Isolani was there also, covered with dust and sprinkled with

blood, having evidently but that instant dismounted.

'I told you they would,' said Isolani, pushing back the disordered black curls from his forehead and tossing off a large glass of choice Moselle, which Schaffgotsch had ordered in for his especial gratification. Isolani had in fact just surprised and defeated a Swedish detachment, and thereby restored confidence to his dispirited Red-mantles. The hero of the day was relating the particulars in a dashing off-hand style, and to do him justice the attack was very daring and cleverly executed. Just as he had finished, a page dressed in blue velvet and silver entered the room, and addressed Isolani, 'Colonel, his Excellency desires to speak with you.'

'Instantly, Count Egon von Klam,' said Isolani; while Egon, a graceful high-bred looking boy of fifteen, observed with an arch smile, 'You are in a pretty plight, Colonel, to appear before the General.'

'A la soldatesque, Egon,' answered Isolani, and having finished the last glass of Moselle he followed the page, his sabre clattering along the parquet, his heavy boots and preposterously long gingling spurs with their rowel-balls making altogether as much noise as a small detachment of mounted life-guards.

Wallenstein received him very graciously and even smiled, a thing he seldom did.

'You have distinguished yourself to-day, Colonel. Your conduct has merited approbation. Let me hear the details.'

Isolani obeyed, and Wallenstein, after adding some more words of praise, said, 'I have taken care that the men should be recompensed, and my treasurer has orders to pay into your exchequer some four thousand crowns, which may not be unacceptable. No thanks,' Wallenstein pursued, slightly waving his hand to check the officer's eager expression of gratitude. 'I hear your charger was injured in the skirmish.'

'A trifling hurt, your Excellency.' This was a polite fiction on Isolani's part, for the horse had not received a scratch.

'No matter,' returned Friedland; 'you will find a fresh horse in your stables: he is active and strong, and will, I think, suit your purpose; he was bred in Styria, and is said to be very sure-footed as well as swift.'

Isolani shared too much the general awe of the Duke of Friedland to say much, but his sparkling eyes expressed his satisfaction.

'I will not detain you longer at present, Colonel;

be so good as to send Kinski to me, and, meanwhile, good-morning.'

He held out his hand to the lucky commander, who kissed it respectfully and left the room, to be called back, however, on the threshold: 'I shall expect you to dinner to-morrow.'

Isolani walked about the rest of the evening the envy of all his brother officers, and the next day presented himself at the Duke's dinner-table in a state of extreme elation of spirits.

Count Michna, the commissary-general, performed the part of host, for though Wallenstein kept a gorgeous table, and was princely in his hospitality, with his characteristic reserve he never appeared himself. Indeed his absence was by no means considered as a privation by his guests, for they were all, except perhaps his brother-in-law and one or two intimates, exceedingly in awe of him, and the banquets of those days were generally accompanied by much drinking of wine, joking of wares and boisterous merriment, which Friedland's grave and stately presence would have put an end to.

The meats had been removed, and only an assortment of choice wines and some beautiful flowers in the summer garden of Pilsen remained

upon the table. Piccolomini had withdrawn to the open window, and, lounging luxuriously in an antique looking arm-chair, was deep in conversation with his host Michna ; the latter had a flask of rare wine before him, to which he applied himself repeatedly, but Piccolomini contented himself with the fresh fruit. It was an hour past mid-day, and those who have spent a July day in Nuremberg will acknowledge that the heat in Germany is quite a different thing from heat anywhere else, being excessively languid and oppressive. The windows of the old tower of the Alte Feste commanded a view of Nuremberg and of the formidable intrenchments and lines of the Swedish camp, bristling with cannon and containing now more than sixty thousand men. Up into the sunny blue sky lifted themselves the sister spires of those glorious old churches, St. Sebald and St. Laurent, which to my mind rank among the finest in the world.

The two gentlemen, after discussing the chances of how soon the two armies would be tired of looking at one another, next proceeded to regret the absence of Pappenheim, that fiery hero, and as Piccolomini spoke somewhat slightly of his merits, Michna thought it incumbent on him to sing his praises.

‘Pappenheim has a profound admiration for the King of Sweden, and copies him in everything, I am told. The reason that he so seldom touches wine, and that he is so irreproachable in his private conduct, is that he is so anxious to follow the example of Gustavus Adolphus.’

‘Oh, that is his line, is it?’ said Piccolomini; ‘I never should have suspected it.’

‘He is a very lion in war,’ continued Michna; ‘he slew fifteen men with his own hand, you know, at Leipzig.’

Piccolomini, who had nothing lion-like about himself in war or anywhere else, shrugged his shoulders. ‘Why isn’t he here now? Is he jealous of the Duke?’

Michna shook his head. ‘Not that I know of; his orders are to keep a watch on the Elector of Saxony, for the present, I believe.’

Piccolomini laughed contemptuously at the idea of John George requiring so much trouble. ‘I rather think you are mistaken, however, Michna; the Spaniards want to enlist him against the rebellious provinces—but what a noise they are making over there; they seem to be getting excited over their play,’ continued Piccolomini, glancing round to where Isolani, Kinski, Berthold Waldstein, and



several others were deep in some gambling game. 'By-the-way,' he pursued, 'Michna, what is that story of a prediction in Pappenheim's family?—there is something of the kind, isn't there?'

'To be sure there is. Pappenheim believes in it devoutly. It is rather vague, however, as most of those prophecies are, but it is to the effect that *a Pappenheim Balafre, mounted on a white steed, should kill hand to hand, in a great battle, a mighty King come out of the North.* Did you never observe those magnificent white chargers that Pappenheim keeps? he rode one at Leipzig: the animal was killed, I believe.'

'Then his ardent desire is to kill his model and pattern of perfection?' said Piccolomini.

'Oh, of course,' said Michna.

By this time the noise at the other end of the room had become rather violent. Those of the guests who did not play had departed to their several avocations, but Isolani, with his heap of crowns not a little diminished, was deep in play with a single antagonist, an Irish officer, called Devereux. Gallas and Kinski stood by to see fair play, and others to excite the players. The run of luck was clearly against Isolani, who, with a deep oath, cried out that he staked his last hundred

crowns upon the throw just as Michna and Piccolomini came to see what was going on. Isolani lost, but the fever of play was upon him, and nothing could stop him ; and just as he had offered the valuable horse which Wallenstein had presented to him, Michna was called away by a summons from the commander-in-chief as he was about to remonstrate with the reckless gambler. With trembling anxiety did Isolani watch the result : alas ! he was doomed again to be disappointed, and Devereux now beginning carelessly to gather up the amount of his winnings, said, laughing, 'I shall send for the charger, Colonel, this afternoon.'

'Not if I can redeem him, Devereux,' said Isolani, who certainly bore his losses with great fortitude and temper.

'Certainly not, if you can redeem him before sunset ; but I find that we soldiers of fortune have seldom many florins to jingle.'

And Devereux rose with a look of triumph and went to search for his sword and plumed hat.

Isolani was really distressed and angry with himself ; for the money he cared but little, but the horse—the gift of his general, the reward of his valour—to throw away so slightly such a valuable token of the haughty Duke's favour seemed to



him both an ungrateful and ungentlemanlike act, now that he had returned to his proper senses. As these reflections passed rapidly through his mind, Egon von Klam, the page, walked in, glided past Devereux, and touched Isolani on the shoulder.

'His Excellency desired me to present you with this, Colonel Isolani,' said the boy, pouring out on the table a large heap of gold.

Egon von Klam-Martinic was a good-looking boy, but Isolani thought him an Antinous at that moment, and if he had not been so petrified with astonishment and delight he would have embraced the welcome messenger, who said laughingly to Devereux as he ran out, 'The horse is ransomed, Captain Devereux ; we were afraid he would be too spirited for an Irishman.'

Isolani's rapture soon found an expression : 'Two thousand ducats, I vow, by St. Stephen ! Quick, take the money, Devereux—how much do you want ? There, never be so particular ; take it all if you will, and let me begone.'

Isolani did not mean the whole of the two thousand ducats, but alluded to a tolerable-sized heap which Devereux had carelessly as it were drawn towards him, and from which he was deliberately and carefully putting back the surplus piece by

piece, so that Isolani, who could wait no longer, snatched up the remainder and rushed to Wallenstein's apartment to thank him for his generous gift.

Michna was with the Duke, but drew back with a half-suppressed smile when the impetuous Hulan rushed into the room and proceeded to pour out his gratitude in a voluble flow of choice Slavonic. Wallenstein listened patiently till Isolani had exhausted his breath and his imagination, and then said :—

‘Enough, Colonel; the subject is hardly worth this stir. Have you seen this?’ and the Duke pushed over to him across the table a written report. ‘It arrived ten minutes ago. Michna, I am going to ride towards Fürth presently. Let Gonzaga and Butler attend me. You are off, Colonel Isolani, I see; are you too much occupied this afternoon to accompany me?’

‘I—I am—your Excellency perhaps will excuse me? In fact, I am on duty this afternoon.’

‘I will not detain you, Colonel, or interfere with the orders of the day.’

And Isolani made his exit with such precipitation that all ceremonies of leave-taking were omitted. The above-mentioned document was the cause of



this extreme haste ; therein Isolani had seen inscribed that a Swedish convoy was now on its way from Würzburg to Nuremberg : with diligence and haste it might be intercepted, and Isolani, a generous, impetuous soldier, appreciated the delicate manner in which Wallenstein had put it in his power to prove his gratitude for the generosity with which he had been treated.

In a very few minutes a large body of those active troops the Croats, were scouring over the rough ground in the direction of Würzburg, Isolani, on his Styrian charger, at their head.

* * * * *

There were sounds of rejoicing that night in the camp of the Altenberg, when two hundred waggons loaded with provisions rumbled in, and three standards and two hundred unfortunate prisoners swelled the triumph of the weary victors.

SCENE XIX.

Wallenstein's campaigning was succeeding but too well, and famine was slowly but surely increasing in the Swedish camp ; the enormous reinforcements contributed by the German princes and sent by Oxenstiern only increased the evil ; discipline

grew loose, and the German troops especially began to indulge in such violent excesses that Gustavus was obliged to adopt strong measures to restrain them, and all offenders who could be discovered were instantly and severely punished. Gustavus, moreover, sent for all his officers to his tent from the highest to the lowest, and administered to the German officers a reproof that they did not soon forget. With downcast eyes they stood before the indignant King, while he addressed them in terms of singular and touching eloquence. He set before their eyes the horror and atrocity of Germans plundering and murdering their own countrymen; he told them how often it had cut him to the heart to hear it said that the Swedes were more cruel than the Imperialists, when the Germans alone were to blame—the Germans, for whose sake he had undertaken this war. ‘But,’ he continued, ‘my fellow soldiers, have you not the spirit and dignity of sentiment to reflect a little what kind of idea posterity will form concerning you in future histories? Remember, likewise, I conjure you, what perplexities you are creating to your honour and consciences, and what visitations and punishments you are now drawing down, not only on your own persons, but on your country and successors, by such outrageous



acts of oppression and inhumanity. And oh, that you could once reflect what an account you have to settle at the Great Tribunal !'

He concluded by exposing the unreasonable-ness of their demand for money, by showing that he himself, far from gaining anything by this war, bore a great part of the burden himself. Slightly yet gracefully he touched on the merits of those friends who had fallen in battle, and whose loss no money could ever repay, and finally said, 'Henceforth, therefore, I request and command you to despoil no man of his goods and possessions. As you have spirit or intrepidity, leave the marks of them on the breasts of your enemies, but stain not the honour of a warrior by committing outrages on the unarmed and the innocent. Be content with your wages as a soldier ought, and subsist not by pilfering and plunder, like banditti and Croats. Otherwise you, from the highest to the lowest, will always be infamous, and I, with such assistants, shall never become victorious.'

Tears flowed down more than one rough cheek during this speech ; no one attempted to justify or excuse himself ; in sorrowful, not sullen silence, they withdrew from the presence of their justly

offended master, and Gustavus was much gratified to observe that his words had a practical effect ; he heard no more complaints against them.

But it was becoming daily more evident to Gustavus that he must either make a decisive effort to drive Wallenstein from his position, or that he must himself break up his camp on account of the rapid increase of famine and disease amongst his troops. No one could doubt which of these two courses he would pursue.

SCENE XX.

On the day of St. Bartholomew the camp was in a great state of commotion, and it must have been as striking a sight as can be imagined to see that noble and well-disciplined army march forth in full military display. Squadron after squadron of cavalry passed out, followed by the rumbling of the artillery ; then appeared the infantry, and the flower of them all, the Scotch troops. But of this nation there was one who had never been known to be absent from his post, but who was not there to-day. Sir John Hepburn was not present, and Munro had taken his place. What had happened to Hepburn, who was, if possible, too eager and



impetuous, who never shrank from danger, who was so high in the confidence of the Great King that he had only a few days ago been appointed to the command of nearly all the infantry in the army? Unfortunately, he and Gustavus had quarrelled. What the subject of dispute was has never clearly been ascertained; but it appears that high words took place between them. Hepburn was probably provoking — perhaps insolent; and Gustavus, naturally hot-tempered and hasty, though in general possessed of great self-control, in this instance lost his patience, and said what he would not have permitted himself to utter in cooler moments. Hepburn fired up, threw up his commission on the spot, and left the room in anger. He would have left the camp also had it been possible, but beleaguered as it was this would have been difficult; he was therefore obliged to remain in rather an anomalous position.

Gustavus, when the momentary anger had passed away, regretted deeply what had happened; he had the greatest esteem for Hepburn's private virtues, as well as for his great military talents, and, willing to forget any provocation that Hepburn might have given him in the heat of argument, he nobly and frankly apologized to his officer for his

own hasty language, confessing himself in the wrong, and even as a friend pleading for reconciliation with one who fancied himself injured, he condescended to ask Hepburn 'for a continuance of his friendship.'

Nothing could melt the pride or disarm the resentment of this most conceited and touchy of Scottish heroes. 'Sire,' he answered warmly, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, 'I will never more unsheath this sword in the quarrels of Sweden.'

But Hepburn was too true a soldier to remain behind altogether when a great action was to take place, and he had not served under Gustavus Adolphus so long not to feel a strong attachment to him; so that, though he did not occupy his usual post in the army, he rode in the King's staff. Hepburn was always dressed and equipped to perfection; he now wore a magnificent suit of inlaid armour, and looked like one of Bayard's or Gonsalvo's knights in his glittering steel and mounted on his powerful war-horse.

Gustavus was plainly dressed, but his charger was magnificent and very richly accoutred, it being his custom to ride horses conspicuous both in colour and beauty of form. Marching in order of



battle, the whole army crossed the little Rednitz, and took up a position close to the old town of Fürth. Above them on the heights of the Altenberg, secure behind their formidable entrenchments, lay the Imperialists, and as the Swedes advanced to the attack a furious cannonade from the Austrian lines began.

Four detachments from the Green Brigade were ordered by Gustavus to storm the old fortress of the Alte Feste, and gallantly they breasted the hill in the face of this tremendous fire. Gustavus watched them in a fever of anxiety, while Wallenstein, who was gazing at them quite as eagerly, exclaimed, 'I will not believe there is a God in heaven if they take that castle from me!'

Unfortunately, Wallenstein's confidence was but too well founded. The attempt was absolutely impracticable; the columns of the Scots were mowed down by hundreds; in vain they rushed desperately forward—to quote from Hepburn's Life, 'they were compelled to halt, to waver, to make one more desperate attempt, and then to retire down the steep precipices over which their dead and wounded were rolling in scores, only to give way to fresh columns who dauntlessly dashed on to destruction.'

Meanwhile, the rest of the Swedish army was not idle. Wallenstein had now issued forth from his entrenchments, and gave the order that the Imperial cavalry should charge the Swedish left wing, which was posted among the thickets of the Rednitz, and which was led by the young Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. The charge was well and firmly borne, but a desperate conflict immediately took place, and Gustavus presently came down at speed to see if his presence was necessary. As he approached, one of his aides-de-camp exclaimed in alarm—

‘Heavens, Sire, Duke Bernard has fallen!’

‘Bernard!’ exclaimed the King, anxiously; ‘God forbid!’ and putting spurs to his horse, he came up in time to see Bernard on his feet.

‘Are you wounded, Bernard?’ was his first question.

‘Not a whit, Sire, only my horse killed. Quick, men, a horse here!’ cried Bernard, who was in a wild state of excitement; ‘we shall have hot work here; but we must drive back those rascally fellows, especially if your Majesty will get so near them.’

As he spoke, a ball carried off the top part of the King’s boot, the wind of the shot making him

reel in his saddle, as he drew rein to observe more minutely a movement of the Imperialists which was next to invisible from the clouds of smoke.

‘They are meditating mischief there,’ said the King, and followed by one or two officers, he rode off towards the infantry. At this instant, as the clouds of smoke suddenly drifted away, there emerged a compact body of cuirassiers, glittering in steel—magnificent troops, and the flower of Wallenstein’s army. Down the hill they came at dashing speed, rode right through the Swedish infantry, and carried off prisoner Leonard Torsensohn, that youthful hero who was afterwards to become so celebrated. At the same moment, that famous regiment called Cronenberg’s Invincibles, who, arrayed in their black armour, had leisurely and proudly paced across the bloody field of Leipzig in unbroken order, and made good their retreat, now poured down, 1500 in number, on a detachment of 200 Finland horse. That charge cost them their vainglorious title; they were repulsed, driven back in confusion across the plain and up the heights, pursued by the gallant Swedes, who were only brought up by the cannon of the Altenberg, which opened upon them.

The battle had now lasted many hours; no

impression had as yet been made, and the sultry heat of an August day began to tell upon the troops. Several plans for a last attempt upon those impregnable defences were proposed to the King, when one of Bernard's aides-de-camp galloped up with a proposition from the young duke which struck Gustavus as the most practicable.

'Is there any one here who can examine the ground and bring me a report?' said the King, looking anxiously round.

There was only one person near who was capable of performing this duty, and this was Hepburn, who had silently followed the King the whole day, as composed and cool as if he had been an aide-de-camp assisting at a review. He now came forward, and touching his hat, said—

'May I be of use to your majesty?'

Both involuntarily coloured; but the King smiled gratefully, as he exclaimed, 'Go, Colonel Hepburn, I am much obliged to you.'

And Hepburn, putting spurs to his charger, dashed off across the field of battle.

'But scarce yon level sun
Could pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,'

as Hepburn, by the light of his slanting beams,

reconnoitred the ground to the best of his ability, and soon returned, shouting to the anxious King, 'Sire, the attempt is practicable.'

'Come with me, Colonel, I must look at the ground myself, first,' and regardless of the fire of the Imperialists, which still swept the field, the King galloped off.

'Yes,' he said, after carefully observing the ground for a few minutes; 'yes, Colonel, you have made me a faithful report; but,' he added, shaking his head regretfully, 'I must not make my principal impression here; it demands at least my whole body of infantry, and then the artillery and cavalry are at the mercy of the enemy, who may thus, if he chooses, assault me in two places at once.' And the King rode off towards Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who had driven the enemy from the hill under the Altenberg, seconded by Munro's brave Scots, who were far in advance, close under the walls of the fortifications.

'It is of no use attempting anything more to-night, Bernard,' said Gustavus, pointing to the heavens, where a broad streak of golden light above a bank of stormy-looking clouds seemed to prognosticate approaching bad weather; 'it is getting late, and it will be too dark very soon.'

Draw off your men into the plain. Where are my Scots?’

‘They have pushed on so impetuously, Sire, that they are almost out of sight. I think, however, they will be safe in their position till morning.’

‘What are those regiments out yonder, at the base of the hill?’ said the King, scanning the field of battle with his eye-glass; ‘they are in a most critical situation; I must bring them off if possible.’ He turned instantly to Hepburn, who was, as before, standing silently by his side.

‘Colonel Hepburn,’ he said, ‘will you again let me ask the use of your courage and military skill? I have no one who can perform the service I ask of you but yourself. Will you go to those regiments and order the men to retire?’ and he pointed out the troops in question.

The Scotchman bowed low as he answered, ‘Sire, this is the only service I cannot refuse your Majesty, for it is a hazardous one;’ and once more unsheathing his sword he sped across the field.

The beauty of Hepburn’s still unwearied horse, its rich housings, and the splendid suit of armour which he wore were quite sufficient to make the Scottish hero a point of attraction to the straggling Croats who were skirmishing about the field. They



dashed across his path, striving to frighten his horse with their wild unearthly shouts, saluting him now and then with a shower of bullets, or endeavouring to ride round him. Hepburn's progress was in no wise impeded by them ; he rode straight on, rolling them over with their slight wiry palfreys, parrying their wild blows with imperturbable coolness. Spurring up to the regiments, he delivered the orders of Gustavus, and quickly forming them in column he gave the order to march. Hepburn was well known to the troops, and they obeyed him with great alacrity ; he conducted their retreat with masterly skill, the Croats holding aloof this time as they recognized the foam-covered charger of their formidable antagonist. Hepburn led the men up to the point where the King was anxiously awaiting them, then dropping his rapier with a clanging sound into its sheath, he said, 'And now, Sire, never more shall this sword be drawn in your service ; this is the last time I will ever serve so ungrateful a prince.'

Gustavus Adolphus was silent ; these words proved to him that however vigorously Hepburn had exerted himself that day, his resentment of his imagined injuries was as keen as ever ; and perhaps the able manner in which Hepburn had executed

his commands during the action made him regret more deeply the unhappy misunderstanding which deprived him of the services of so clever and, in the main, so high-principled an officer.

But night was fast approaching, and by degrees all warlike sounds died away. Stretched on the plain lay the wearied Swedish troops, wrapped in the profound repose they had earned so well, while friends and camarados lay around them sunk in that far deeper rest from which no *réveillée* call would wake them till that day when the last trumpet shall wake all from the sleep of the grave. The refreshing coolness of the summer night soon gave place to mist and rain, and constant showers swept across the plain. The King, who lay on the bare earth wrapped in his cloak, slept but little, his mind being disturbed with anxiety for the safety of his Scotch troops, who, under Munro and Sinclair, were close under the walls of the Altenberg. As soon as the daylight was sufficiently advanced to render objects tolerably distinct Gustavus raised himself on his elbow and looked round. A few dark-looking forms fast asleep lay near him, their horses picketed close by, and some paces off was his own white steed, whose accommodation was hardly better than his master's.



'Is Lübeling there?' said the King, and the page, who was lying at his sovereign's feet, rose instantly. 'Lübeling, do you know if there is any officer of the field near me?' he asked.

'I will see directly, Sire.' In a moment the youth returned. 'There is no one but Colonel Hepburn, Sire; he is ready to attend your Majesty;' and Hepburn, who had slept in his armour by his charger's side, in a few moments made his appearance. Gustavus placed his hand upon his arm, and said, as if he was asking for a favour,—

'May I beg of you, Colonel Hepburn, to make one visit to our poor soldiers in the Altenberg, and observe also if there is any place whence ordnance may act against the old castle?'

Who could refuse a *request* of Gustavus's? Hepburn at least could not: touched by the King's confidence, and anxious too to know how his old companions fared, Hepburn sprang cheerfully into the saddle, and rode off towards their position.

'Well met, camarado,' was the hearty greeting of old Munro, who with great difficulty rose from the ground, and came hobbling towards Hepburn; 'still on duty, eh?'

Hepburn thought of his petulant speech to Gustavus the evening before, and hardly knew what to say, when his attention was directed to his old friend's excessive lameness.

'Why, you are wounded, Munro—not badly, I hope!—and what a position you have here!'

'A little swampy,' said Munro, who was stationed with his men in a sort of morass, in which they stood up above their ankles in mud and slush, so that what with water from the clouds, and water under their feet, the stout Scotch presented but a deplorable aspect. 'As for myself,' said Munro, 'I got my armour battered in by a shot; it is of no consequence, but is rather painful at present.'

'I want to see also if it is practicable to make any attack on the Altenberg from here,' said Hepburn.

'Not from here, but there is a bit of ground—if it were not for this lame leg! By-the-by, 'Captain Sinclair will show it to you. Sinclair, have the goodness to show Colonel Hepburn that piece of ground we were looking at last night—you know.'

Sinclair did know, and he led Hepburn to a spot where both officers agreed in thinking that if

the earth were raised a little, artillery might be brought to bear on the Castle of Altenberg at the distance of forty paces.

‘I will be off to give in my report,’ said Hepburn to Sinclair, as he remounted his horse; ‘it is rather lucky that our Imperialist friends are not so alert as we are.’

Munro stopped Hepburn as he passed, and making him stoop down, whispered something in his ear. Hepburn bridled and coloured up as he replied aloud,—

‘When my resolution is once formed, Munro, I never break it. I leave the camp on the first opportunity.’

Old Munro shook his head half reproachfully as he stepped back, and Hepburn, as if glad to be released, dashed back, full gallop, to the King’s post. He gave in his report, but the King looked grave at the mention of the forty paces. ‘I had rather,’ he said, ‘you had found me a place at ten times that distance. I cannot bear to see my brave soldiers cut to pieces a second time.’

After reflecting a few minutes, Gustavus sent Hepburn to summon Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, desiring him to take charge of the other’s troop in the meantime. Hepburn went off on this mission

rather wondering at himself, and half amused to find himself doing the business of half a dozen aides-de-camp, when he had so resolutely forsworn the King's service.

The young Duke of Saxe-Weimar made his appearance instantly, and Gassion, Barrier, and Horne speedily following, Gustavus held a short consultation, which ended by a retreat being resolved upon.

'Is my horse ready?' asked the King, at the close of the conference. 'Here, Lübeling!—no, young Lilijenhorn! tell half a dozen of my Finlanders to get to horse. You may come, if you are ready, Lübeling.'

The King's orders were very promptly obeyed, and, mounting his charger, Gustavus cantered across the field with his little staff to where his Scotch troops still lay. His noble, good-natured face was hailed with looks of pleasure by his gallant soldiers of fortune; he smiled, and took off his hat to them as he rode up, while the air rang with their hearty cheer, '*Vivat Gustavus!*'

But the smile gave way to a sadder expression, as Gustavus observed the devastation in their ranks, and missed many a well-known face. 'Munro,' he said, 'you must draw off the men instantly. I

am not going to renew the attack at present. Lead them into the plain to our former position near Fürth.'

Gustavus rode forward to see the hill Hepburn had spoken of, and then returned just as Munro was getting his troops into motion. That brave old soldier was walking with great difficulty, limping at every step, and his brow and lip contracted as if in pain. Gustavus, who had been talking to the men and complimenting them on their gallantry, suddenly observed Munro's condition. 'I am afraid you are wounded, Munro!' he exclaimed.

It was useless for Munro to try and deny what was so evident, and Gustavus instantly dismounted. 'Here, Lübeling, give Munro your mare; she is quiet, and take charge of my beast. Can you manage to mount, my friend? or shall we send for my coach for you?'

'Munro tried to expostulate, but the King was peremptory; and the Colonel having contrived to get on the horse, the King bade him retire as fast as he could.

'No resistance, Colonel,' he said, good-humouredly; 'you know I always will be obeyed; give me your pike. Lübeling, take the horsemen and accompany the Colonel to head-quarters, and send

my surgeon to him. Now, men! eyes front—steady!—march!’ and closing up the rear like a subaltern officer, the King marched the Scotch troops across the plain. The enemy watched the manœuvre in silence, nor did they venture to offer the slightest molestation.

And so terminated a conflict which had no results, and to which might perhaps be applied the description of a former engagement by a Scotch eye-witness as, ‘a mighty pretty and comical sort of a battle.’

SIXTH EVENING.

SCENE XXI.

ONE sultry day, after Gustavus had been walking alone, as was his custom, to meditate upon his future proceedings, he sent word to Oxenstiern to attend him at supper. Gassion's regiment was on guard, and the King, as he entered his tent, stopped to say, 'Ah, Frenchman, I am glad to see my pillow-regiment on duty this afternoon;' so he named Gassion's regiment, for he averred that he always felt he might sleep in safety while those troops were on guard.

Oxenstiern found his royal master unusually grave and concerned, and the conversation during the meal was slack; but when it was over Gustavus said to Oxenstiern, 'I have decided to break up my camp; disease and famine are decimating my soldiers, and I can endure to see it no longer.'

'And does the army know of your Majesty's determination?'

‘I shall announce it to the troops to-morrow. I expect then that Lord Hamilton will leave me, and, I fear, Hepburn also.’

‘Sir John Hepburn will be a loss, I am afraid.’

The greatest possible to me, and it is the more provoking that it is partly my own fault. However, no *amende* that I can make will appease him, so he must go. Poor and proud as a Scotchman is a well-known proverb. Hamilton’s departure I do not in the least regret; he thinks he has great military talents, but he is vain and incapable.’

‘Your Majesty will leave an efficient garrison in Nuremberg?’

‘Oh, surely. Knipphausen, who held out New Bradenburg so gallantly, shall command the garrison. Poor Nuremberg, she has been a staunch supporter of the Protestant cause, and fully deserves my protection. I should be very sorry to see that glorious city treated like Magdeburg.’

‘The Duke of Friedland is not so merciless as old Tilly was, however.’

‘I hope not; John of Tzercla was a barbarian in war. But if I could by any means draw Friedland into the open field, I would willingly stand my chance.’

‘Wallenstein is too wary, I fear, Sire; he never

will stake the fortunes of the Empire on a single cast, the risk is too tremendous.'

The King and his minister discussed till late at night the proposed arrangements for the retreat, when Oxenstiern took leave, and his Majesty remained alone. Gustavus sat for some time meditating on the step he had finally resolved to take, then opening the large folio Bible that he always carried about with him, according to custom he proceeded to peruse its sacred pages till long after the camp was hushed, and the light in his tent was the only one still burning.

On the 8th of September the Swedish army defiled from the camp, and slowly marched past the Imperial entrenchments.

'The brass it was burnished, the steel it flashed free,' the green banners of Sweden floated in the air, and the Imperialists silently and eagerly watched them as those gallant troops passed by in all the pomp of military display. But Wallenstein was not to be enticed from his strong position; he even called in his supports, and the Swedes marched to Neustadt without opposition, where Gustavus remained some days, to give his troops the free benefit of change of air and position.

SCENE XXII.

The last of the Swedish rear-guard had disappeared, and the green banners had long been lost to view amidst the foliage of the forests that surround Nuremberg, when Wallenstein gave his camp to the flames and began his march towards Bamberg. On his arrival he sent word to the Elector of Bavaria to request an interview, and accordingly that prince visited his quarters. Wallenstein then proceeded to inform his colleague of his intentions. 'I propose,' he said, 'making a diversion into Saxony, 'which will have the effect of drawing off the Swedish King from his present operations.'

Maximilian looked dismayed at this intelligence. 'I hardly understand your Excellency,' he said; 'what! leave Bavaria at the mercy of the Swedes, and the road to Vienna open!'

'I shall probably be blamed,' answered Wallenstein, coolly, 'for leaving the Empire apparently without support, but the event will justify my measures.'

'And do you suppose that Gustavus will leave his prospects of conquest here to assist John George?'

Wallenstein only smiled slightly while he kept his stern searching eyes fixed on the Elector, who brought forth all his powers of eloquence to persuade him to remain and protect Bavaria.

Wallenstein only replied that he had written to Pappenheim, and desired him to join him at Leipzig. 'I presume,' he concluded, 'that I shall not have the pleasure of your Electoral Highness's society?'

'Your Excellency,' returned Maximilian, bitterly, 'can hardly expect that I shall leave my own dominions utterly defenceless?'

'We part here, then,' said Wallenstein; 'for your own dominions, Prince, I think I can prophesy that your fears are unfounded.'

Maximilian appeared to think differently, with Swedish garrisons in Munich, Augsburg, and Nuremberg, and Ingolstadt on the point of surrender. Rising abruptly, he bowed haughtily to Friedland, and waving him back as the Duke was advancing to escort him to the door, he departed without saying another word.

Wallenstein looked after him with disdain, then without loss of time communicated his determination to his officers, and the whole army was presently on the alert. His brother-in-law, Terzki,

ventured to ask if any tidings had been heard of Pappenheim.

‘I have heard none,’ answered Friedland; ‘but I have not much doubt of his arrival, Terzki; if he evades my instructions, I have given orders that the next officer in rank shall assume the command, in case Count Godfrey should be detained by illness.’

‘I did not know he had been ill,’ answered Terzki.

‘I think he will soon recover on receipt of my letter,’ replied Albert, in a tone of irony.

On the 23rd of October Friedland took Leipzig, and Saxony was at the mercy of the Imperialists. John George was in a state of terror not to be described, and sent off instantly to implore the immediate assistance of the King of Sweden.

It was Gustavus’s intention on leaving Nuremberg to complete the conquest of Bavaria, trusting to the Saxons to keep Wallenstein in check. He purposed crossing the Lech at Rayn, a fortress which was garrisoned by the Swedes under a colonel called Mitzval. The Bavarians, in the hope of preventing the King’s passage, had laid siege to Rayn, but Gustavus had written to the commandant with his own hand, promising him

speedy succours. In spite of this, Mitzval, terrified by a slight rumour of mutiny in the garrison, surrendered this important fortress without a blow. The news of this disgraceful act only caused Gustavus to hurry forward ; before the enemy had the least idea of his approach, he had forced the passage of the Lech at the foot of a fortified castle called Obernsdorf, and appeared, to the consternation of the garrison, at the gates of Rayn.

As Harte says, ' Panic terrors had now become congenial to the governors of that unfortunate city,' for after a siege of twenty-four hours the Imperialists surrendered the place unconditionally. Mitzval was left for some time in suspense as to what his fate should be. Gustavus, continuing his march, took Landsberg, pursued Montecuculi to Neuburg, which was also evacuated at his approach, and then the King summoned a court-martial to try Mitzval for his cowardice. There could be no doubt of his guilt, and when Mitzval pleaded that one of his ensigns had threatened him with treachery on the part of the garrison, the King replied, ' A man of service would have hung up the ensign.' Mitzval was condemned to die, and his lieutenant-colonels and captains were to share his fate. At the intercession of the gentle

Eleonora, however, the sentence was mitigated ; Mitzval alone suffered, but his officers, the sharers of his guilt, were obliged to stand on the scaffold during the execution of the sentence.

This painful duty concluded, the King determined to renew the siege of Ingolstadt, in which he had been baffled in the spring. But he had barely begun the investment of the place when the imploring message of John George reached him, which induced him generously to abandon at once all his bright dreams of southern conquest and hasten to the aid of a false and ungrateful ally.

SCENE XXIII.

The winter had set in when Gustavus began his march towards the north. At Erfurt he was met by his Queen, who had preceded him, and who came into the market-place on foot to receive him. He dismounted, embraced her, and went with her into the house which was prepared for him. Business transactions occupied him late into the night, but at break of day he was ready to start. Eleonora breakfasted with him in private, and he afterwards gave audience to the magistrates of the city, and addressed some parting words to them. These



duties concluded, he turned to Eleonora, folded her in a long embrace, and in a voice broken with emotion said only, 'God bless you!' He could trust himself to remain no longer, but abruptly breaking from the room, he threw himself on his charger and rode off full gallop after his army, which was already on the march for Leipzig. Surely there was a whisper at his heart which told him that this was their last meeting.

As he passed through the countries he had conquered he was received everywhere with acclamations from the people. They hailed him as their liberator and protector from the merciless Imperialists; they crowded round his charger, kneeling before him, and kissing the ground where his horse's feet had trod. Gustavus was distressed rather than pleased at these extravagant marks of enthusiasm. 'Rise, my children, rise,' he entreated, 'or God will punish me for being the cause of this idolatry.' And his followers fancied that they could detect in these words a presentiment of his approaching fate, while, as Mitchell says, 'These testimonies of love, gratitude, and admiration, however foolishly expressed, cast, nevertheless, a beautiful and brilliant halo round the closing scene of so great and glorious a life.'

Pressing onwards with marvellous rapidity, Gustavus pounced on Naumburg before Wallenstein's reinforcements could arrive, carried the place by assault, and quickly threw up intrenchments as strong as those of Nuremberg. The works were hardly completed when a small body of cavalry, which had been sent out as scouts, came galloping into the camp.

'Ah, Edward,' cried Gassion to the lieutenant, as he drew rein, 'you have had some fighting; is the enemy so near?'

'We have had a skirmish with the Croats, who surprised us. Tyrwhit and Fielding are taken prisoners.'

'Wallenstein's army must be close at hand; did you find out where he was?'

'Could not learn for certain, but I am pretty nearly sure he is at Weissenfels.'

'Ah,' said Gassion to Kniphausen, 'I see clearly what was Wallenstein's object; he wished to fall on the King before the Saxons could join us.'

'He will be out in his calculations, I fancy,' said Kniphausen, 'when he finds us as strongly posted as we were at Nuremberg.'

'Will his Majesty give him battle, I wonder?'

‘Very unlikely ; he can now turn the tables on the Duke of Friedland.’

Wallenstein, meanwhile, had arrived and carefully reconnoitred Gustavus’s position, and the result to which he presently arrived was that it was out of the question attempting to force so strong a position. He desired his generals, in consequence, to consult among themselves as to the best plan of proceeding, while he himself, with his usual haughty reserve, held aloof from their council.

‘Well, General,’ said Friedland, as Count Godfrey of Pappenheim entered his tent, ‘what is the result of your deliberations ?’

Pappenheim sat down and answered, ‘Sir, we are unanimously of opinion that it would be most unadvisable to attack the King of Sweden’s entrenchments. His lines are perfectly admirable, his genius for engineering is indeed quite wonderful.’

‘And what is your opinion as to his Swedish Majesty’s intentions ?’

‘Well, sir,’ said Pappenheim, ‘it is my opinion that he intends laying by for the winter. Your Excellency has seen the strength of his position, and the care with which he has chosen his ground ; it is clear to me that he intends making as long a stay as he did at Nuremberg.’

‘I agree with you, General, that it would not be wise to attempt to carry his entrenchments by storm. Tilly discovered that when he had made his fruitless attack upon the lines of Werben.’

‘Exactly so, my Lord Duke ; it is evident that Gustavus is going to recruit his army. No General ever dreamed of carrying on two consecutive winter campaigns ; besides he has parted from his Scotch troops, who are gone into quarters for refreshment somewhere in Bavaria I am told.’

‘What plan does the Council of War then suggest ?’ pursued Friedland.

‘We would humbly submit to your Excellency that the troops should go into winter quarters, and at the same time be ready to assemble at a moment’s notice.’

While the Imperialist Generals were arriving at these sagacious conclusions, and arranging after their own fashion the enemy’s future plan of operations, his Swedish Majesty happened to have formed very different designs.

On Monday morning, the 5th of November, before daybreak, the Swedish army suddenly broke up from Naumburg, and proceeded towards Dresden, where Gustavus intended joining the Saxons.

But about ten o’clock on that same morning



Gassion rode up to the King's side and said, 'Sire, there is a fellow here who has a letter for your Majesty, which he will deliver into no hands but your own.'

'Where?' said Gustavus, and a peasant stepped forward and presented to him a small piece of folded paper. The King opened it and glanced at its contents. His face brightened as he read, and he handed it over to Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who was riding by his side. The note contained a few hasty lines from Marshal Colloredo to an Imperial officer quartered at Erfurt, desiring the latter 'to march to Halle and join Pappenheim the next morning, at which time his Excellency the Generalissimo had determined to remove his camp from Weissenfels to Lützen.'

The King looked eagerly round. 'Is there any one here,' he said, 'who can give me any local information?'

A few of the gentlemen of the country were named to him, who came forward and confirmed the truth of the information that Wallenstein had indeed, by some unaccountable process of reasoning, detached Pappenheim to Halle, that the troops were thinly dispersed amongst the neighbouring villages, and that Friedland himself was at Lützen.

'Then my resolution is taken,' said the King. 'Gassion, call a halt, and summon the field-officers here as quick as possible.'

They gathered hastily round him.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am going to fight Wallenstein. I long to unearth him, and see how he acquits himself in a champaign country. We march towards Lützen.'

His officers entered warmly into the King's delight. 'Right shoulders forward!' passed from column to column, and to quote Mitchell once more, 'The whole army was immediately in full march for the field of death and fame.'

SCENE XXIV.

Unconscious of danger, and well satisfied with his arrangements, Wallenstein was in his tent poring over a map of the country, and giving some further directions respecting the cantonments of his troops to General Holk, who was standing respectfully a little apart, when a sullen booming sound, like the firing of cannon, fell upon their ears. Both started and looked at one another—again, a second report, more distinct than the first.

'Der Teufel! it comes from Weissenfels,' ex-

claimed Holk, and he sprang to the entrance of the tent to look out.

'Hush!' cried Friedland, breathlessly, and as he spoke a third report boomed through the frosty air.

'It is from Weissenfels ; I saw the smoke,' said Holk.

Friedland stood motionless for an instant, he was deadly pale, then the blood rushed back to his forehead. 'The Swedes are approaching,' he said ; 'it is the appointed signal. How could I be thus deluded ? Go out, Holk, and see if any of our scouts are returned.'

As he spoke the clattering of horses' feet was heard, and straggling bodies of cavalry galloped into the camp announcing that Gustavus Adolphus was in full march upon Lützen.

But Duke Albert had now recovered all his habitual self-possession.

'Holk,' he said, 'let the signal guns be fired for the recall of the troops from their various cantonments, and see that couriers get to horse instantly, and be ready to start at a moment's notice.'

These orders were promptly obeyed, and Holk remained waiting for his commander's further instructions.

Wallenstein, meanwhile, composedly drew writing materials towards him, and wrote as follows to Pappenheim :—

‘The enemy is marching hitherwards. Break up instantly with every man and gun, so as to arrive here early in the morning.

‘And I remain

‘ALBERT DUKE OF MECKLENBURG.

‘P.S. He is already at the pass and hollow road.’

And fast as horse and man could speed this mission was despatched to Halle after Pappenheim.

‘Your Highness intends to give battle to the Swede?’ said Holk.

‘It is my only course,’ replied the Duke; ‘to retreat is impossible; to fall back on Leipzig would be dishonourable, for it would be giving up Pappenheim to destruction; to follow Pappenheim would be insanity. Are the couriers gone to summon the regiments?’

‘They are gone, your Excellency.’

‘Let the regiments that are here march to the

ground. I shall follow myself in a very short time.' And Holk departed with great alacrity to obey his commander's orders.

Wallenstein drove to the ground in his carriage, and having pointed out to Holk the position the troops were to occupy, he left him to place the different regiments as they arrived. The November day closed in early, and Holk got little rest that night, for regiment after regiment came hastening in, and he had enough to do to arrange each in order of battle. Still there were no signs of Count Godfrey, nor indeed was his arrival possible, for it was calculated that twelve hours at least must elapse before he could reach Lützen.

That night was passed by the Swedes in calm and quiet. As Munro described it, they stood to their arms in perfect battaglia. The King remained in his coach, and Kniphausen and Bernard shared it with him, there being no camp equipage with the army, for the march had been so rapid that everything not absolutely necessary had been left behind.

'Our poor fellows are but badly off I am afraid,' said the King to Bernard, 'this bleak night.'

'They look forward, Sire, to good quarters at Torgau to-morrow evening.'

‘Do the officers know at what hour your Majesty means to attack?’

‘Yes, they all know, I believe; two hours before daybreak, if it is clear.’

The King then became silent, and his followers hoped that he would sleep; but though Kniphausen slept sound, and Bernard at intervals, whenever the latter woke he saw by the light of the small lamp that Gustavus was awake, and apparently wrapped in profound meditation. Long before daylight the King was up and stirring, and it must have been a strange and striking sight the marshalling of the troops in the cold dim twilight of the foggy November morning.

The attendants came up to equip him for the field; but when they presented him with his cuirass, Gustavus declined it. ‘Not that,’ he said; ‘give me the coat of elk-skin.’

‘But will your Majesty wear no armour?’ remonstrated the page Lübeling.

‘Not to-day, Lübeling; this blow I got on my right shoulder the other day makes the weight of the cuirass insupportable. The elk-skin is proof against a sword thrust, and for the rest the Lord God is my sufficient defence.’

The troops had now advanced under cover of



the mist to within a thousand yards of the enemy. Here they halted, and Gustavus calling to his chaplain, Fabritius, desired that prayers should be said before every regiment by their respective chaplains. This was done, and, their morning devotions performed, the King himself gave out Luther's hymn, which was sung by the whole army; and deeply impressive it must have been, that glorious hymn rolling forth from some thousands of voices, till its prolonged echoes fell on the ears of the anxious Imperialists. His Majesty then mounting his horse, a splendid milk-white charger, rode along the lines and spoke some encouraging words to his troops, but he had hardly concluded when the mist rolled off like a curtain, and the two armies stood face to face. In an instant every Swedish knee was bent as Gustavus, with uncovered head, knelt on the earth and prayed, 'Oh Lord Jesus, give us aid; we are going to fight for the honour of Thy Holy Name.' Then the word is given, and the impetuous troops are let loose.

Led on by Gustavus himself, the Steinbock regiment of infantry advance quickly and steadily; they are received by a tremendous fire, but it checks them not in the least. On, across the Imperialist trenches, they rush with irresistible impetuosity;

they throw themselves on the battery of seven cannon planted on a commanding eminence, cut down the artillerymen, and turn the captured pieces on the Imperialists. Then Gustavus, satisfied that all is 'en bon train,' speeds across the field to the right wing, consisting of the Swedish cavalry, and leads them against the left of the Imperialists commanded by Göltz. Again they carry everything before them ; the Imperialists recoil, turn, and dash back at speed, followed by the triumphant Swedes, who imagine already that the victory is theirs.

Gustavus pulls in his excited horse which has borne him gallantly, and glances round. 'Somer-ville,' he cries to his Scotch aide-de-camp who rides at his rein, 'the victory is ours if we can keep our advantage.'

'There is Duke Bernard's aide-de-camp, Sire ; he comes this way, and it seems to me there is some confusion amongst his troops.'

The King rides forward to meet the officer, who hurriedly explains that the Prince of Saxe-Weimar has been unable to make any impression on the right wing, and that his men are beginning to waver. Gustavus rides off instantly in that direction to see what can be done. The Imperialist batteries of cannon, flanked by dark lines of black horsemen, the famous regiment of Cronenberg, and by the light



and active Crotians of our friend Isolani, are posted exactly in front of him. The wavering Swedes cheer up at the sight of the white charger, and receive the King with acclamations.

‘Forward, my children,’ cries the King. ‘We must dislodge those black horsemen;’ and the Swedes hasten to obey. With his usual impetuosity the King gallops forward, clears a pretty wide ditch which lies across his path, and distancing his staff, presses his horse up the slight ascent.

Alas! for this too eager haste. At this instant an Imperialist officer called to a musketeer who stood by, ‘Pick me out that officer on the white horse; he looks like a person of consequence.’ The man fired, and shattered the King’s arm above the elbow. The pain was intense, but Gustavus made a gallant effort to conceal it from his troops, who having got over the ditch, were hastening up. But the flowing blood was evidence sufficient, and the King feeling himself growing faint from loss of blood, whispered to Francis Albert of Saxe-Lauenberg, ‘Cousin, lead me to the rear; I am wounded.’ The prince, shocked and distressed, hastened to comply. But in the momentary confusion of turning, an Imperialist officer, named Colonel Maurice Falkenberg, spurred out from his own ranks, looked

fixedly at the King, then drawing a pistol he deliberately cocked it, and saying in a low clear voice of savage triumph, 'Ha ! is it thou ? Long have I sought thee,' fired.

The shot was too surely fatal ; the King, ever thoughtful for others, could only exclaim to Francis Albert, 'Take care of yourself, brother ; I have got enough,' when his horse at the instant bounding forward, he fell to the ground.

The next moment all was confusion ; down on the wavering Swedes came the trampling hoofs of Piccolomini's horse ; back in one mass of rout and disorder swept the Swedish cavalry. Francis Albert without giving another thought to his wounded charge, spurred away, after the fugitives ; all the King's attendants followed. Yet not all—one remained, faithful even unto death. The young page Lübeling sprang from his horse, and kneeling by his master's side implored him to make the effort to mount. Gustavus fixed his dying eyes on the brave youth. 'I cannot. Save yourself.' At this moment a party of Imperialists rode up, and asked who the wounded man was. 'He is an officer,' replied Lübeling boldly, as he stood over the King with his drawn sword in his hand.

'Say you so ?' returned the other ; 'despatch

them then,' he added, turning to his men and discharging his pistol at Lübeling. Lübeling in return exerted all his remaining strength, and cut him down, but it was his last effort, and he sank down mortally wounded by the side of his royal master. The unhappy King was despatched by several wounds, but his dying thoughts were for Eleonora, and his last words were, 'Alas, my poor Queen !'

Meanwhile, the well-known white charger flying wild, his accoutrements and housings stained with blood, gave the first intelligence to the troops of the terrible calamity which had happened. Bernard was busily occupied in rallying the men, for the seven-gun battery on the hill had been wrested from the Swedes, and their advantage appeared completely lost. At this moment an equerry named Trueshes galloped up to Bernard. 'Prince,' he exclaimed in a low tone of dismay, 'his Majesty has fallen.'

Bernard turned pale with horror.

'Perhaps the King is only wounded and a prisoner,' suggested the equerry, alarmed at the effect of his communication. But the Prince quickly recovered his self-possession and rode off instantly to Kniphausen. That General, who commanded the reserve, came forward to meet him, and

Bernard grasping his arm whispered, 'A dreadful misfortune has befallen us. The King is either dead or a prisoner—we fear the worst; what is to be done?'

Kniphausen looked as much horrified as Bernard. 'The troops are in good order, Prince; it would be easy to effect a decent retreat.'

'Retreat!' exclaimed Bernard, the indignant blood rushing to his brow. 'Never! I vow to Heaven I will fight it out to the very last, and rescue the King if he is a prisoner, or avenge his death if he is fallen.'

He turned abruptly from Kniphausen, and rode up to the troops who had made a stand, and cried: 'Comrades, your King is wounded and a captive—will you leave him in the hands of the enemy, or will you not rather liberate him or *avenge* him?' He was answered by cries and acclamations; but one soldier held back, it was the colonel of Steinbock's regiment, who sullenly refused to obey. Bernard knew how critical the moment was and did not hesitate. 'You will not?' he said; 'then take that!' and he gave the recusant such a cut across the head with his sabre that the man fell senseless on the earth.

Bernard's authority was instantly established,



and the Swedes, like lions at bay, poured impetuously on the vaunting Imperialists. Nothing could withstand them ; they were over the trenches, the seven-gun battery was seized a second time, and the guns of the Windmill-battery were also captured and turned against the Imperialists. Nothing could exceed the wild fury of the conflict or the desperation with which both parties fought ; but the Swedes were animated by a motive which made them irresistible. Again the field is theirs, Bernard pauses to take breath, and to listen to the shouts of victory along the Swedish lines, when suddenly the Imperialists rally, and a large compact body of cavalry appear on their right flank. Down they come, like an avalanche on the conquerors. Who is that on the white horse who spurs on at their head, waving his sword to cheer on his men—whose eager glances wander restlessly round as if seeking one whom he wonders not to see ? It can be no other than Pappenheim !—Pappenheim, who has eagerly and rapidly obeyed Wallenstein's hasty despatch, and pressed on as fast as the horses could travel towards the field of battle. The troops have been allowed a short rest, and then brought on to the field at the close of the day to make a last effort to retrieve its broken fortunes. But in vain, Count

Godfrey, ah ! in vain dost thou seek for the idol of thine imagination, with the hope so long cherished of at length measuring swords on a fair field with the great King of Sweden. Gustavus has met a soldier's death, though Pappenheim knows it not.

Meanwhile the exhausted Swedes are wholly unable to resist the shock of Count Godfrey's comparatively fresh squadrons ; they recoil in confusion, and Wallenstein seizing the opportunity, a desperate conflict takes place over those twice-captured guns, while Friedland himself directs his troops, though exposed to the hottest fire. The seven-gun battery is again taken, the gallant Swedes are again driven back across the trenches, leaving their dead by hundreds.

But the Imperialist triumph was not long. As Pappenheim presses recklessly onwards, still searching with his keen eyes through dust and smoke for the great King, a falconet ball strikes him on the shoulder and inflicts a mortal wound. He is borne away by his attendants, but his fall turns the fortunes of the hard-fought day. The untiring Bernard has rallied his troops and persuaded them to make one last charge ; once more they are successful, once more they storm the Imperialist batteries, once more they are masters of the field. There is



nothing more to be done now. Wallenstein, in the advancing darkness, slowly and sadly leads his broken and shattered army towards Leipzig.

In a vaulted chamber, which is still shown in the castle of Pleissenburg at Leipzig, lay the dying Pappenheim. The attendants stood sorrowfully round, when the door opened quietly and an officer stole in and whispered something to an officer of rank who stood near the couch. Pappenheim caught the name of the King of Sweden, and asked excitedly what they were talking about.

'Marshal,' said the young man, stepping forward, 'it is certainly ascertained that the King of Sweden is no more.'

A ray of joy beamed in Pappenheim's dying eyes, as half starting up he exclaimed, 'Then tell the Duke of Friedland I die happy, since the irreconcilable enemy of my religion has fallen with me on the same day : ' then sinking back, he expired.

Pappenheim was much regretted by the party he served, and in truth there was much that was fine and noble in his character. There was a great power of appreciating what is good and excellent, and if it had not been for his relentless cruelty and utter indifference to human suffering, Pappenheim might have merited the name of a great hero.

He arrived too late to fulfil the prophecy in which he himself partly believed, that he, *a Pappenheim Balafre, on a white horse, should kill a great King come out of the north* ; though it is curious so far that they should both have fallen on the same day.

The victory of Lützen was no triumph to the Swedes ; thoroughly wearied out, they lay on the desolate plain all night, unable to sleep for the biting frost, brooding over their irreparable loss. The next morning they marched to Weissenfels. There the King's body was embalmed, and lay waiting its removal to Wolgast, previous to its transportation to Sweden. The unhappy Queen Eleonora had arrived from Erfurt perfectly overwhelmed with grief. His favourite officers stood grouped around the cold remains of him they had so deeply loved and respected ; many weeping aloud ; some mourning with that silent, oppressive grief which is too deep for tears. They bore the corpse of their idolized King to the castle of Wolgast, where it was to lie in state.

It was a mournful procession, the officers walked by the side of the coach, and the men, trailing their arms, marched dejectedly after, while before the royal dead was borne his favourite white standard.

SCENE XXV.

'It is right that the Duke of Saxe-Weimar should fill *his* place,' said Gassion to Kniphausen, as the officers were sitting together on the evening of their arrival at Wolgast.

Kniphausen answered by a deep sigh.

'That gallant boy Lübeling expired just before we left; his account of our beloved master's death was clear and consistent to the last.'

'Our men suspect Francis Albert of Saxe-Lauenburg.'

'You don't believe him to be guilty, do you?'

'No, I believe Lübeling's statement, which acquits the Duke of all, save an overweening care for his own safety; but it is the general impression among the troops that he has acted a traitor's part, and Francis Albert will not be well received.'

There was a pause, and then a voice said:

'If he had lived, where should we have been now?'

'On our road to Vienna,' exclaimed Ernest of Anhalt; 'we should have followed Friedland into Bohemia, and dispersed the remnants of his army; we should have marched into Vienna, and the King

of Sweden would have exchanged his title for that of Emperor of Germany.'

'No,' said Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who had entered unobserved, 'you mistake his character. If Gustavus had outlived this battle, Protestant Germany would have been free, but he would never have aimed at an Imperial crown for himself; his was no selfish ambition, and his conquests were not achieved for his own gratification or interest; he was almost perfect,' added Bernard, turning away with sudden emotion, 'and there is no one worthy to fill his place.'

The officers looked at him with interest, but they did not tell him what they all thought—that there was none in the army so worthy to fill that place as the high-hearted, high-principled, generous Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

HILDA. That is rather an abrupt ending, Richie.

OTHO. I think it is a good place to stop at, however, at Gustavus's death. How interesting that part of the history always is!

HENRIK. Yes, what a dreadful death that must have been, but a very glorious one.

ROCHESTER. That battle of Lützen was a very singular one—it was in fact three battles.

OTHO. So it was. I have heard papa say that the instances are very rare of the same troops being brought up again to the charge, after being defeated.

ROCHESTER. I fancy they were hardly routed, only momentarily repulsed. But the arrival of Pappenheim at the end, driving everything before him for five minutes, and then falling at the critical moment, is more like an incident in a novel than an event in history.

HILDA. I am sorry, Rochester, we shall not have the end of Wallenstein's career; I rather admire him.

HENRIK. Do you believe him, Hilda, to be guilty of what his enemies accused him of?

HILDA. What, of treason? No, I don't, Henrik. I think he was atrociously murdered. Butler was the name of the man who killed him, was it not?

ROCHESTER. It was Devereux struck the fatal blow, I believe; but I am sorry to say, Hilda, that papers have been found lately at Dresden, proving beyond a doubt that Wallenstein had been in correspondence with the Swedes for two years before his death.

HENRIK. No, really ; but that must be a late discovery ?

ROCHESTER. Yes, it was made after Mitchell's biography of him was written. Poor Mitchell will be quite disappointed.

HILDA. But that does not justify his murder.

ROCHESTER. By no means ; his murder was atrocious. Ferdinand was in fact mortally afraid of him, and did not dare bring him to trial, for Wallenstein was very nearly as powerful as an independent sovereign. I should not wonder at all myself if he had succeeded in making himself King of Bohemia, in the same way as the Elector of Bavaria in later times became King.

HENRIK. I forget, Rochester, who succeeded Wallenstein in the command of the Imperial armies.

ROCHESTER. Ferdinand, the King of Hungary (afterwards Ferdinand III.), and his cousin, Ferdinand Charles, the Cardinal-Infant, one of the sons of the King of Spain. They were very gallant youths, especially the Cardinal-Infant, who distinguished himself very much at the battle of Nordlingen.

OTHO. That was the battle where Horne was taken prisoner.

ROCHESTER. Yes, poor Horne suffered for the impetuosity of Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. Horne had been strongly against risking a battle, but Bernard, recollecting, I presume, how Gustavus had overruled Horne's caution at the battle of the Lech, insisted so strongly, that the other yielded, and the result was a defeat. Bernard afterwards bitterly reproached himself as having been the cause of the disaster, and was only fearful lest any of the blame should fall upon his friend. But Horne was treated in the kindest manner by the Imperial cousins; the Cardinal-Infant gave up his quarters to him, and lodged himself in a miserable hovel.

At this moment a tap at the door was heard, and Robert having shouted 'Come in,' a domestic entered and announced that Miss Wilmot and the young gentlemen were wanted in the drawing-room. 'We have out-stayed our time, I suppose,' said Rochester, 'or else they are out of dinner earlier.' 'It is only just eight o'clock,' said Otho, as they went downstairs. They went into the drawing-room, where they were surprised to see the gentlemen even though it was so early, but amongst them stood one who was a stranger to most of the young party. He was a tall, good-humoured look-

ing man, with fair moustaches and fair short curls, who hastily turned round as the boys entered, then loudly exclaiming, 'Which are they? where is Henrik?' Henrik sprang forward, and was warmly embraced by his uncle, Count Gustavus Lilijenhorn, who had written a short time before, to say that he was coming to England, and that his nephew would return with him abroad;—an announcement which had hung heavy on the young people's minds. The first glance at his face reminded him strongly of his father, and Henrik forgot in the excitement of the meeting that he was come to take him away as he supposed from all his English friends. Rollo had his share of his uncle's affection, and then the English cousins were introduced, and they were all soon on the best terms, listening to the Count's explanation of his arrival following so soon upon his letter, nor was the subject of Henrik's departure once alluded to.

The Count had been a few days at St. Evreux, when Rochester came hastily into the library where Henrik was looking for a book.

'Henrik, you are just the person I want; come here, I have something to say to you.'

'What is it?' said Henrik, coming down from



the ladder on which he was perched with a book in his hand.

‘The day for our uncle’s going is fixed. Thursday week.’

‘So soon!’ cried Henrik; ‘and am I going too, and Rollo?’

‘You are going; not Rollo, or the little ones.’

Henrik’s countenance fell. ‘At all events, you don’t seem to care much, old boy.’

‘Well, Henrik, I don’t think I shall break my heart.’

This unfeeling speech caused Henrik to stare at his friend, and seeing no signs of grief in Rochester’s face, which was looking particularly bright and rather arch, he turned away a little hurt.

Rochester’s kind heart smote him. ‘Henrik, dear Henrik, I never meant to tease you. What should you say?—listen, boy—if you were only going for two or three months, and one of your charming cousins was going with you?’

Henrik looked up quickly. ‘Are you coming, Rochester?’

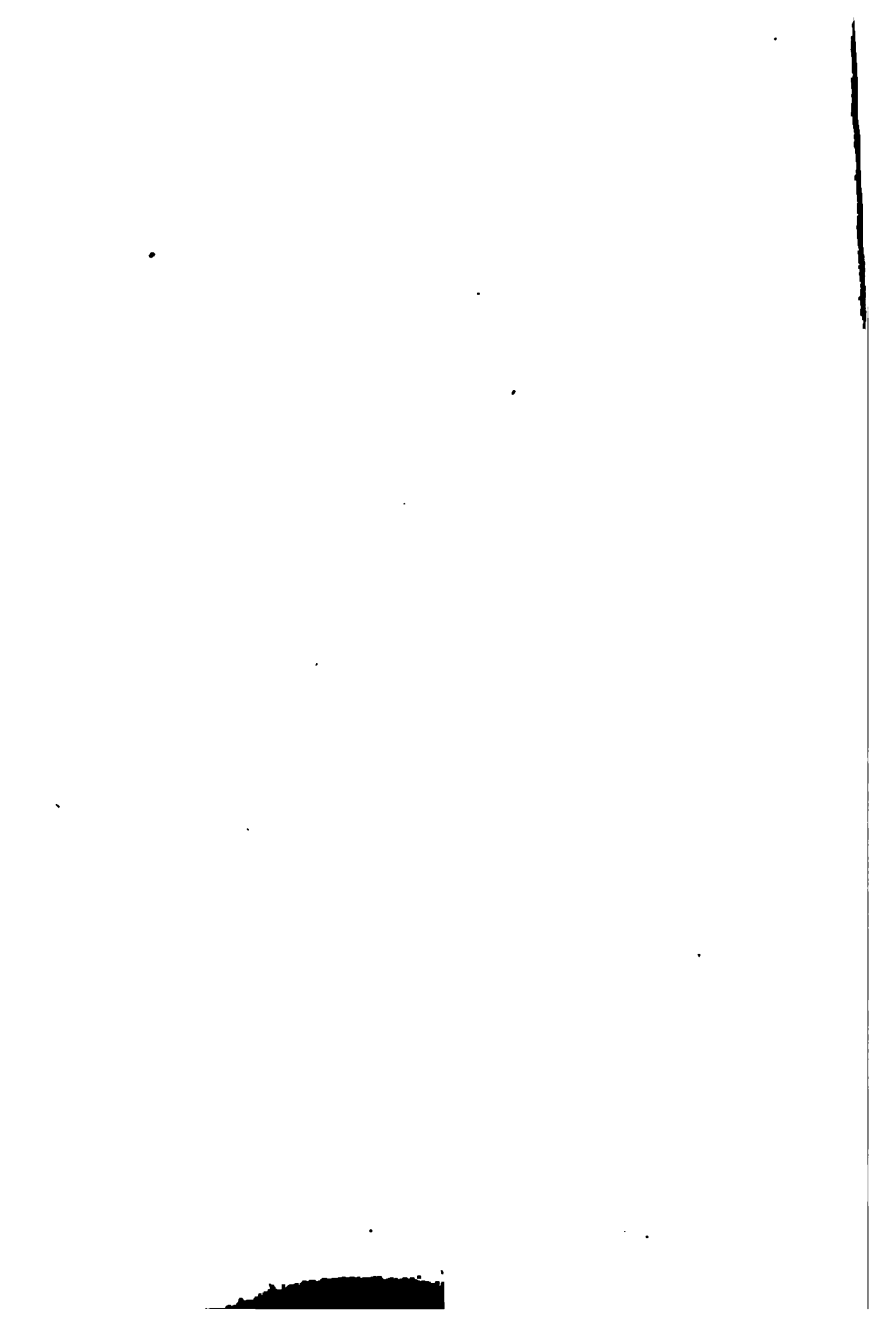
‘Yes, I am; I hope you are not very sorry.’

Henrik gave a jump expressive of delight, and then heard from Rochester that as soon as Otho

went back to Eton they were to start for Sweden ; that Henrik's home was still for the present to be in England, but that he was often to visit his own country, to make acquaintance with the land of his birth, where his natural sphere of duty would eventually lie.

The following day week, Rochester and Henrik were on their way to the land of Sweden, the country of Gustavus Adolphus ; and it is difficult to say which cousin was the happiest of the two at the prospect of the bright holiday before them.

THE HEROES OF LA VENDÉE.



THE HEROES OF LA VENDÉE.

BEFORE you read this account of the War of La Vendée, I may as well, perhaps, say a few words in explanation of certain points.

The children to whom this history is related are of course imaginary, but Agathe herself is no fictitious personage, and everything I have told you concerning her is strictly true. The part of France where the events narrated occurred has been known from time immemorial by the peasantry under the general name of the 'Bocage,' from the large tracts of woodland which cover it, and takes in not only La Vendée, but also part of Poitou and Anjou.

Louis XVI. was murdered very soon after the peasants of the Bocage rose in insurrection to restore him to his throne ; but he left a son, the little Dauphin, and while those monsters, the

Jacobins, kept this gentle and interesting boy in prison, and treated him with the greatest barbarity, his faithful subjects of La Vendée proclaimed him as Louis XVII., and fought gallantly for him whom they considered as their true and rightful sovereign. But it was impossible that in so unequal a contest the undisciplined and half-armed peasants should be victorious. They had all France against them, the flower of the Republican armies was sent to crush these heroic and devoted men ; and our only wonder is, as Madame de la Rochejaquelein herself observes in her Memoirs, that they kept up the struggle so long and so perseveringly.

CHAPTER I.

ONE evening, in the year 18—, a group of children were seated close round a very old woman. Her countenance still retained the marks of great beauty, but her hair was quite white, and she had the appearance of one who has known much sorrow and suffering. Her eyes always lighted up with pleasure, however, when her master's children clustered round her, and they had just now entered the comfortable little turret-room in the old Château de la Durbellière, which was appropriated to the old woman's particular use. The evening had begun to set in with all the gloom and dreariness of November, and the blazing, crackling fire, looked very cheerful.

'Dear Agathe,' said the little Count de la Rochejaquelein, a handsome boy of nine years old, 'will you let us come and hear some of your stories now? Papa and mamma don't want us, and we have done our lessons for M. l'Abbé.'

‘Oh, yes, pray do, dear Agathe!’ chimed in a little girl of about six or seven; ‘and François and Régnault de Baugé would like so much to hear something about La Vendée.’

‘Those are too melancholy stories for Mademoiselle Victorine,’ said Agathe, as she took the child upon her knee, and looked fondly into her large blue eyes.

‘No, Agathe,’ said Henri de la Rochejaquelein, ‘it is time that Victorine should know something about grandmamma’s history and troubles—don’t you think so?’

And Henri, a tall, slender boy, with a gentle, thoughtful face, and fair hair, looked earnestly up at old Agathe.

‘Nobody could resist that pleading face of yours, M. Henri,’ said the old lady; ‘so like the Monsieur Henri that I remember well.’

‘Begin, dear Agathe,’ said little Victorine. ‘François and Régnault, you can get those little stools, and bring them close to the fire, and then we shall all be comfortable.’

‘I think we must have another log on the fire first,’ said Agathe, ‘it is a bitter cold night.’

‘I will do it,’ said François, the young Chevalier de Baugé. ‘I will put on this pine-log, full of

turpentine, shall I, Madame Agathe ? and we shall have a famous blaze.'

'Yes, do, Chevalier, and merci.'

'That's right, Chevalier,' said Henri, as the bright flame cast its ruddy, cheerful glow upon the wrinkled countenance of the aged Agathe, and the fair rosy faces of the four children ; 'and now let us hear about your own heroes, Agathe.'

'Yes, about M. de la Rochejaquelein and M. de Lescure, who fought for Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette.'

'Ah, Mademoiselle Victorine, they were not the only heroes ; all the men of La Vendée, from the prince to the peasant, were heroes then !'

'How I wish they could have saved the poor King and the little Dauphin, Madame Agathe,' said Régnauld de Baugé.

'It was not God's will, Monsieur Régnauld ; and by dying, as so many did, they proved their devotion quite as much as if they had been successful. They received, doubtless, a heavenly reward, though they never had one on earth.'

'Agathe, did not grandmamma marry M. le Lescure first ?'

'She did, M. Henri, and well do I remember

the day of her marriage ; a pretty, delicate-looking girl she was, very timid and excitable. Mademoiselle Victorine was the daughter of the Marquis de Donnissan, who held a post about the Court, so that she had passed all her childhood and early life at Versailles and the Tuileries. It was settled that Mademoiselle was to marry M. de Lescure when they were both children, I believe.'

'Were you not one of M. de Lescure's servants, Agathe?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle Victorine, I lived in the family from the time that I was quite a girl. My young master was always a very quiet, gentle boy; and though his feelings were warm, and his character noble and enthusiastic, he was also very shy and reserved, and always kept in the background. He was deeply religious too, earnest and pious; his peasants gave him the name of "the Saint of Poitou;" he deserved it well. He belonged to the Court also, and both he and his cousin, Mademoiselle Victorine de Donnissan, were favourites with the king and queen. Just at the time they were to be married the Revolution broke out, of which you have heard.'

'Oh, yes,' cried Henri, 'we have; old Albert,

the gardener, has told me a great deal about it ; nearly all his family were guillotined, you know, during the Reign of Terror.'

'How was it Monsieur de Lescure was not killed, too ?' asked the Chevalier.

'He was certainly in imminent peril, and when our "noblesse" began to emigrate in great numbers, M. de Lescure was persuaded by his friends that he ought to follow their example.'

'Was that right ?' asked Henri. 'Ought they not to have remained to defend their king ?'

'I think myself, M. Henri, that it was both base and cowardly, and that the nobility of France ought to have rallied round the sinking throne, instead of leaving it to fall unaided ; but M. de Lescure was intended for better things. His sovereigns requested him to stay, and M. de Lescure, whose loyalty was a part of his religion, obeyed at once. By their majesties' desire, too, his marriage took place at this time. He was twenty-five, Mademoiselle Victorine hardly nineteen. It was truly a troublous time for them to marry in. They stayed at Paris after their marriage, and M. de Lescure was constantly at the palace, to be near the king and queen in case of danger. At last came the terrible 10th of August.

I have told you of the terrible massacre that took place of the Swiss troops on that day and on the 3rd of September.'

'Oh, yes, Agathe,' said Henri; 'Albert told me that he was present at the massacre of the 3rd of September; they were led out of prison as if they were to be set at liberty, one by one, and then were murdered as soon as they got outside. He told me there was one, a young officer, only seventeen, and that he stood still for a moment, folded his arms, and looked so proudly and scornfully on all those horrible murderers, and then rushed forward into the midst of them and was killed instantly. Oh! I would wish to be like him!'

And the boy's cheeks flushed with enthusiasm. But Victorine hid her face against Agathe, for her eyes were full of tears.

'That's a tragic story, M. Henri; you have made your sister cry.'

'Go on about M. de Lescure, Agathe,' said Victorine, turning her head to smile at her brother.

Agathe continued:

'M. de Lescure saw that to save his life, and that of his young bride, he must now fly from Paris, but he had great difficulty in getting away. He had already managed to get two passports,

one for his cousin, M. de Rochejaquelein, the other for M. Charles d'Autichamp, both officers in the Royal Guards, but he could not procure one for himself. M. and Mme. de Lescure had to make their way on foot all through the crowds of savage men who had just been murdering the Swiss. They met with great dangers, but at last they got away safe, by God's blessing, to Clisson. M. de Lescure's château in the Bocage.'

'Oh, Clisson!' cried Henri, jumping up; 'that ruined château with the long avenues, why that belonged to grandmamma, didn't it? and I have been there?'

'Now, Henri,' said Victorine, holding up her finger, 'let Agathe go on; I want to know if M. de la Rochejaquelein got away safe.'

'After a while M. de la Rochejaquelein escaped from Paris also, and arrived at this very Château de la Durbellière, which belonged to him; but it was very lonely, for all his family had emigrated; besides, he ran some risk of being arrested and taken prisoner. His cousin, M. de Lescure, therefore asked him to come to Clisson, where, as yet, all was quiet.'

'What sort of a looking man was M. de la Rochejaquelein?' asked the Chevalier.

‘He was very young-looking, M. François. He was, in fact, only nineteen years old, tall and slender, with blue eyes and light hair. People said he looked more like an Englishman than a Frenchman, but I don’t know how that may be. His countenance was frank and remarkably pleasing, and his manners were shy and gentle. He was very active in all manly exercises, a good shot, and a capital horseman. He was a very great favourite with my Marquis, and with Madame also.’

‘Tell them, Agathe,’ said Henri, ‘about grand-mamma learning to ride.’

Agathe smiled. ‘M. le Marquis wished his wife to learn, but, as I said before, she was very timid, naturally, and disliked the idea excessively. However, she allowed Monsieur le Marquis to put her on a quiet horse, while he walked on one side and M. Henri on the other; still she was so frightened that she wept all the time. But she got over her fears afterwards, and rode very well.’

‘Do tell me,’ said the little black-eyed Régnault, who had been listening very attentively, ‘was the Revolution only in Paris? were there no Republicans elsewhere?’

‘Ah! M. de Régnault, the horrors of the Revolution certainly began in Paris, but they did not

stop there: they were repeated in most of the principal towns in France—Nantes, Marseilles, and Lyons especially; but I can tell you, M. Régnault, where the spirit of loyalty still remained—in the woody pastures of La Vendée and in Brittany. In the Bocage, especially, the peasants were a good, pious, simple race, fond of their old customs and traditions, and very much attached to their “seigneurs,” who, on their part, were always kind and gentle to them.’

‘Tell us the whole history of the wars of La Vendée, Agathe.’

‘Tell you the whole history, M. Henri! it would take me a month; and, besides, my dear boy, I am an old woman now, and my memory is not so good as it has been, and yet there are scenes which I could never forget.’

‘But how did it first begin, Agathe?’

‘Why, Monsieur, it was our brave Cathelineau first set it agoing, I believe. Jacques Cathelineau was nothing but a poor wool-comber in a little village called Pin-en-Mauges in Anjou; but he was so good and so pious that the peasants respected him very much, and even called him the Saint of Anjou. You know that after the murder of the King a Republican Government was formed, and

this self-constituted Government required an army, so they ordered a conscription all over France, in the Bocage amongst the rest.'

'But what is a conscription?' asked Victorine.

'I can tell you that, Victorine,' said Henri; 'it means that a party of soldiers passed through every town, and compelled all the strongest young men to draw lots, and those who drew certain figures were compelled to serve as soldiers in the armies of the Republic. Napoleon Buonaparte collected those immense armies of his by conscription. Well, Agathe?'

'They came first to St. Florent, but the peasants there resolved that they would not take up arms in the service of those who had murdered their King. On the contrary, they very unexpectedly drove away the Blues, as the Republican soldiers were called, and forced them to retreat faster than they had come. Having accomplished this feat, they did not quite know what to do next, when Cathelineau, who had heard of what was going on, came up at the critical moment, and proposed to the peasants to revolt openly, and fight for their poor little imprisoned King Louis XVII., for he felt sure that if they set the example the rest of the Bocage would soon rise also. The young men listened to



his words with great approbation, and gladly agreed to follow him, so he led them directly against one of the Republican posts, which they surprised and carried ; the Blues were all made prisoners, and a piece of cannon was taken, to which the peasants gave the name of the Missionary. And that was the way the war of the Bocage broke out, Monsieur Henri.'

'What brave fellows !' exclaimed the boys, in great delight. 'But where were M. de Lescure and his cousin—hadn't they anything to do with it? Tell me quick about them, Agathe.'

'Wait a bit, Monsieur, and you shall hear. M. de Lescure heard the news of this outbreak at Clisson ; it was reported that the peasants had not only risen, but that their army was increasing every day. But they were obliged to keep quiet for the present, for the Blues were all about in great numbers : they had lately taken away M. de Lescure's horses, and they had become very suspicious of "mon marquis" and his cousin. At last there was to be a conscription at Boismé, and M. Henri was one of those who was to draw lots. The evening before, a young peasant arrived with information respecting Cathelineau's army, and various messages from Mademoiselle de la Rochejaquelein

(Monsieur Henri's aunt) for her nephew. The young man then drew Monsieur Henri aside, and asked him if it was true that he was going to draw lots at Boismé to enter the Republican army when all his own peasants were fighting on the other side. "Come with us, Monsieur," he said; "all the country is longing for you, and is ready to join you." The young Count de la Rochejaquelein indeed wished for nothing better, and he told the peasant that he was quite ready to accompany him that evening. When M. Henri announced his intention, M. de Lescure fully agreed; but one of the ladies was very much frightened, and cried out that if he went the Blues would come and put them all in prison. M. Henri then said he would not go if it exposed them to danger.'

'What a fool that woman was!' muttered Henri, in a parenthesis.

'But M. de Lescure told his young cousin to go at once, and put himself at the head of his loyal peasants; he only regretted that at the moment he was unable to accompany him, but, at all events, he would never suffer M. Henri to shrink from his duty from the cowardly fear of being imprisoned himself. "In that case I will come and liberate you," cried M. de la Rochejaquelein, throwing him-



self impulsively into his cousin's arms. The boy was quite changed. His whole countenance lighted up, and there was a fire in his blue eyes which shone there ever after, throughout his short but glorious career. Henceforward his demeanour was that of one who felt that he had a work to do, and but a short time to do it in.'

Agathe paused a moment, and looked sadly into the fire, for she was thinking of the past; and the past was full of sad memories.

'And he went?' said the little Count.

'He did, *mon enfant*. When the servants were gone to bed, he set off on foot, with a stout stick in his hand and a pair of pistols in his belt, accompanied by his peasant guide.'

'And were M. de Lescure and grandmamma taken prisoners?' asked little Victorine, anxiously.

'Yes, *ma petite*, they were. Next morning we heard a great trampling of horses' feet in the court of the château, and a number of Blues and gens-d'armes rode up and arrested M. le Marquis and Madame. They were not uncivil to us, but they made us get into a cart drawn by oxen, and took us away to Bressuire, where they shut us up.'

'Was M. de Lescure frightened, Agathe?'

'Never for himself, Mademoiselle Victorine,

though he may have been for Madame, but he was always so calm, he never showed any signs of fear. But we were not put in the common prison : we were lodged in the house of a good Republican, who was very civil to us. We were dreadfully alarmed, though, when a great number of men from Marseilles came to join the Republican army. They were a savage and cruel set, and as soon as they arrived they began to murder all the prisoners. Madame and I thought our turn would come next, but, luckily, they did not know of our being there. Those wretches shot down the poor Vendéans as if they had been so many wolves, calling them "brigands," which was the name by which they always spoke of the Royalist army. After a while the Republicans went out to fight the brigand army, which they said was approaching, and the next news we heard was that the brigands had given them a good beating. Poor M. de Lescure ! what a state he was in at being a prisoner, and unable to fight for his friends. The people of Bressuire were dreadfully alarmed when they heard of the successes of the Royalists, and a great many of them now begged M. de Lescure to let them go with him to Clisson, to be safe from the brigands. M. de Lescure was very much amused at this re-

quest, but he kept his own counsel, and told the frightened people that they might take refuge under his roof if they wished it ; and he sent us off to Clisson together, Madame and I and the "patriots," as they called themselves.'

'And what did M. de Lescure do?'

'M. de Lescure and a gentleman who had been imprisoned with us called M. Bernard de Marigny (of whom you will hear more hereafter), got horses, and set off to meet the brigand army. They had not been gone ten minutes when we heard the quick trampling of horses' hoofs. The next moment a young man galloped into the courtyard, and jumped off his panting horse. We rushed downstairs, and M. Henri stood before us. He was quite wild with delight, crying, "*I have* liberated you, then." M. de Lescure followed his cousin very speedily, and you may imagine, M. le Comte, how surprised the "patriots" were when they saw this meeting, and M. de Lescure and M. Henri embracing one another. M. de Lescure told the whole story to M. Henri, who laughed heartily, and told the patriots not to be alarmed, that nobody would hurt them.'

'Now, Agathe, I am very curious to know what

M. de Rochejaquelein had been doing all this time. Will you tell us ?'

'I will, Monsieur, as well as I can recollect. It seems that he went to his own château first ; but hearing the news that Cathelineau's army had been scattered, he felt very melancholy, for he thought that there was nothing more to be done. But the peasants heard that their young master had arrived, and they immediately hastened to him, begging him to place himself at their head. Monsieur Henri consented at once ; he assembled them, and made them that famous speech which will be remembered in history. After apologising for his youth, and assuring them that his zeal for the good cause should make up for his want of experience, he ended by saying :—

“ If I go forward, follow me ; if I turn back, kill me ; if I fall, avenge me !”

'Did grandmamma tell you this, Agathe ?'

'Yes, Mademoiselle. M. Henri told it to Madame, and she told it me afterwards.'

'Oh !' exclaimed Henri ; 'how I wish,—how I wish I had been there and serving with him !'

Victorine laughed. 'You would not have made a very tall soldier, Henri.'

‘There were soldiers in the Royalist army not much older than your brother, Mademoiselle Victorine. There was the Chevalier de Mondyon ; he was only fourteen, and little M. de Langerie was younger still, barely thirteen ; that was a spirited little fellow ; in his first battle he had a horse killed under him ; he was, in consequence, made aide-de-camp to the Commander of Châtillon, where he would be out of danger ; the boy soon discovered that there was nothing doing there ; so he procured himself a horse, and came back to the army.’

‘Agathe, you make me jealous. Go on about M. Henri. Did his new army fight after he took the command ?’

‘Yes ; they had several skirmishes with the Blues, and were generally successful.’

‘I wonder how they managed to defeat regular troops who were trained to fight.’

‘I believe they had a method of fighting quite their own ; their leaders always rushed on the enemy first, and then the peasants followed them. If they were defeated, they sprang over the hedges and dispersed. The Blues pursued them in vain. Not knowing the country they speedily lost themselves, and were obliged to give up the useless chase. The peasants were never discouraged ; they

ran away, intending to meet again at the earliest opportunity, and shouting as they went, "Vive le Roi, quand même !"

'I love the peasants of La Vendée, Agathe!'

'You may well love them, M. Henri, for they deserve all your affection and respect. They remained faithful to their God, their king, and their "seigneurs," when France had renounced all faith, loyalty, and religion. They willingly laid down their lives in the cause which was to them a holy one ; and it was only at last, poor fellows, that when goaded to fury by the atrocities of their enemies they began in some degree to retaliate. I am sorry that they did so, but I cannot wonder at it. But, *mes enfants*, your mother will be wanting you, and you have been listening to my old stories for a long time.'

'But I want to ask you one thing, Agathe,' said little Victorine ; 'was M. de la Rochejaquelein my grandpapa ?'

'No, Mademoiselle,' said Agathe, smiling ; 'after M. de Lescure died, your grandmamma married M. Louis de la Rochejaquelein, brother to M. Henri : he was your grandfather.'

'I wish it had been Henri,' said the young Count ; 'but he was my great-uncle at least. Papa's

name is Henri. I suppose he was called after him, was he not, Agathe ?'

'I have no doubt of it, Monsieur. Henri-Auguste is the name of M. le Marquis, your father: he was most probably called after his father's two brothers, M. Henri and M. Auguste de la Roche-jaquelein.'

CHAPTER II.

IT was some days before the little de la Rochejaqueleins and Baugés were able to obtain another afternoon with old Agathe. However, on the next Saturday, the lessons being completed, Henri started the idea that they should ask for another story. The others willingly assented, and the young people rushed noisily down-stairs, and poured into Agathe's room like an army of Goths. But the old lady was always pleased to see her favourites, and smiled good-humouredly at their shouts of 'La Vendée, La Vendée. Vive le Roi! Now, Agathe, do go on, please.'

'Well, M. Henri, I don't know where I left off last time.'

'Oh, never mind that. Just begin where you like. I want to know who was the general of the whole army.'

'There was no general at first; there were different chiefs to the various bodies of peasants.'



‘What were their names, and what were they like?’

‘The principal chiefs were these : M. de Bonchamps, who had been in the regular army ; he was chief of the army of Anjou ; he was repeatedly wounded, and very often could not attend to his duties.

‘There was also M. d’Elbée. He was a funny little man, very brave, very pious ; the peasants called him “General la Providence,” because when the battle began he always said, “My children, Providence will grant us the victory.” But they were all fond of him. Cathelineau and Stofflet were great leaders, too. Cathelineau was wonderfully intelligent, and though only a poor woolcomber, was gifted with the most fiery eloquence and great military talents. His manner was very winning, and he was so gentle and retiring that every one liked him. The peasants absolutely worshipped him ; they called him “The Saint of Anjou,” and these simple people used to try and get near him in battle, thinking that they could not be killed near so holy a man.

‘Stofflet was an Alsatian by birth and a game-keeper by profession. He was tall and athletic, but rough and stern in his manners ; he was not much

liked, but the peasants paid him implicit obedience.

‘I think I need not tell you that M. de Lescure and M. de la Rochejaquelein were chiefs also. M. de la Rochejaquelein did not much like being in command, and having to attend the councils of war. He thought that they were not of much use, and sometimes when he had given his opinion, he would quietly lie down on the floor and go to sleep. When he was scolded by M. de Lescure for this behaviour, he would say, “But why did you make me a general? I would much rather be a hussar, just for the pleasure of fighting.” He used to fight so desperately that they called him “The Intrepid.” But then no one was so gentle and kind-hearted, or so merciful and considerate towards the prisoners. M. de Lescure and his cousin Henri were devotedly attached to one another. Their friendship was quite a proverb in the army. Though very different in many respects, they were equally noble-hearted and religious, with no selfish ambition, and no vanity. M. Henri used to say to his cousin, “If we restore the King to the throne, I dare say he will give me the command of a regiment.” It was a modest wish. M. de Lescure was quite as brave as M. Henri, but never excited; always calm and quiet



he would charge alone into the midst of the enemy without a sign of emotion on his grave, resolute countenance. His humanity was, if I may so express it, almost more than human ; and it is difficult to believe that never once throughout the war did a single man fall by M. de Lescure's hand. The only time he was known to be angry was when the peasants slew a prisoner whom he had just taken. The man had presented his musket at M. de Lescure's head, but he only knocked the weapon aside and told his men to lead him away. But the peasants were so indignant that they fell upon him and killed him instantly. M. le Marquis turned round, and, for the first and only time in his life, gave way to a burst of anger.

'The only other general of any note was M. Bernard de Marigny. He was very much liked by his own men, but was cruel to the enemy. He thought it his duty to kill all the Republican soldiers that fell into his hands, and M. de Lescure never could persuade him to the contrary.

'M. de Donnissan, Madame's father, was in the army, too, but he did not take a command. M. d'Elbée told him, with a patronizing air, that he would take care that the King was made acquainted with the names of those who had served his cause,

for that he had interest at court, his cousin being equerry to the Prince de Condé. M. de Donnissan refrained from explaining that he had lived at court himself half his life, and only answered, smiling, that all he desired was the honour of serving his sovereign.

‘Amongst the other officers, two very young men, MM. Forestier and Forêt, distinguished themselves greatly ; the former, a charming boy of eighteen, was afterwards made general of the cavalry, in spite of his modest remonstrances, until the Prince de Talmont joined the army, when M. Forestier cheerfully yielded up the command to him.’

The boys listened with great interest to this description of the principal leaders, and Henri even took the trouble to write down their names with a very stumpy pencil, in order that he might read them out to Albert, the gardener, and see if he remembered any of them.

The Chevalier was the first to resume the discourse.

‘The royal army had some wonderful successes at first, had they not ?’ he asked.

‘They had indeed, M. François. The first place of any importance that they took was Thouars in Poitou ; and certainly, from what I have heard,

their mode of attack was curious. The assault was led by M. de la Rochejaquelein and M. de Lescure. Suddenly, after a great deal of firing, they found that their ammunition was running short, and M. Henri departed to fetch some. While he was gone, M. de Lescure saw a good opportunity for storming the town, for he thought the Republicans were falling back. So he rushed into the breach, imagining that his men were behind him. Not a bit of it; no one had dared to move, and he was quite alone. He sprang down again and shouted to them to follow; again he rushed into the breach, again he found himself alone, and his clothes were riddled with bullets. He tried a third time, when at that instant M. Henri and M. Forêt appeared. In another moment they were by his side, and the peasants, ashamed at leaving their leaders unsupported, made a dash forward in a body, and the town was taken. Several of the Republican officers joined us at Thouars, amongst them M. de la Ville de Baugé. He was a brave, noble young man, and became a great friend of M. le Marquis and M. Henri.'

'I think I have heard Albert talk of a favourite cannon belonging to the peasants, called Marie-Jeanne,' observed Henri.

‘I think it is very likely you have, my boy. Marie-Jeanne was a great favourite with the peasants. They took it when they drove the Blues from Bressuire. It came from the château of the famous Cardinal Richelieu, and was beautifully ornamented and covered with inscriptions in praise of Louis XIII. and the Cardinal. The peasants gave it the name of Marie-Jeanne; why, I don’t know; but they thought that it had some miraculous properties, and that it was a sure pledge of victory. When we returned to Bressuire after our “Brigands” had taken possession, we found the peasants all surrounding this wonderful cannon, and decorating it with ribbons and flowers. They were kissing it besides, and were enchanted when Madame la Marquise at their request embraced Marie-Jeanne most affectionately. They lost this beloved cannon at Chollet, with all the artillery, and were never happy till they recovered it at the taking of Fontenay.

‘M. de Lescure, my own “marquis,” distinguished himself greatly at that siege. Before the attack began, the generals said to their men, “Come, my children, there’s no ammunition, we must take their cannon with our sticks and staves; we must get back Marie-Jeanne; he will have her who runs

the fastest!" But as the peasants were unwilling to advance, M. de Lescure rode some distance in front, and turning round, shouted "Vive le Roi!"

'Six pieces of artillery were instantly discharged at him, his clothes were riddled, his left spur carried away, and his right boot torn, but he was not wounded.

"You see, my friends," he called out, "the Blues haven't an idea of firing!" The peasants took courage at his inspiring example, and they rushed forward with such impetuosity that M. de Lescure was obliged to put his horse into a trot to keep up with them. At this moment they came to a large cross erected at the side of the road, and though they were within cannon-shot, they stopped and knelt down before it. M. de Bauge would have urged them on, but M. de Lescure checked him. "Let them pray to God," he said, quietly. Having finished their devotions they rushed to the assault, Marie-Jeanne was taken, and the peasants brought her back in triumph.'

'Agathe, I have heard Albert say that the peasants did not always obey unless they liked it.'

'There was not much military discipline, Chevalier, I must say, but in general they obeyed implicitly the chiefs in whom they placed confidence. Did

Albert ever tell you, M. Henri, how it was that Saumur was taken ?'

'No, Agathe, tell us.'

'After a fatiguing day, it was determined that a small body of men should go towards Saumur, in order to alarm the Republicans and prevent them from resting, by keeping them on the alert all night, while the army was to follow at daylight and attack the place when the defenders were weary with watching. M. Henri said he would go, but when he started with the small detachment that he intended to take, the peasants began to crowd after him. Instantly the whole army followed, shouting "God save the King! we are going to Saumur!" The chiefs found it was impossible to stop them, so they determined to change their plan, and march on Saumur at once, and they had to gallop forward pretty briskly to get to the head of the army. The attack was led by three divisions, under M. de Lescure, M. de la Rochejaquelein, and Stofflet. M. de Lescure was wounded ; and his peasants, seized with a panic at the sight of his flowing blood, and bewildered by a charge of cuirassiers, began to run ; fortunately, with the timely assistance of M. de Marigny, M. de Lescure succeeded in rallying them. Meanwhile, Monsieur



Henri and M. de Baugé burst simultaneously into the town from opposite sides. Monsieur Henri threw his hat over the wall first, and calling out, "Who will go and fetch it for me?" dashed forward himself, and his eager peasants all followed him. When he and M. de Baugé had forced their way in, these two young gentlemen set off as hard as they could gallop after the flying Republicans. On they went, never looking to see if any of their men were following them, trampling on the muskets which strewed the streets, and which went off under their horses' hoofs. At last they came in sight of the whole Republican army flying in great confusion over the bridge which crosses the Loire. Here they drew rein, and M. de la Rochejaquelein began to fire on the fugitives, M. de Baugé loading for him. They were entirely alone, but only one of the enemy turned and fired at them. M. Henri cut him down with his sword, and took his cartridges. The castle of Saumur now opened a fire upon them, and M. de Baugé was wounded and thrown to the ground. M. Henri helped him on his horse again, and then, finding some cannon which the Blues had abandoned, they fired two pieces at the castle as a defiance, and after riding a little further to reconnoitre, these two madcaps

galloped back to their own army, where Monsieur Henri found that his friend M. de Marigny was hard at word fighting, and was instantly at his side.'

'The taking of Saumur was a great success, was it not?' asked François.

'It was indeed, Monsieur, and most useful to the army; for besides being an important post in itself, abundance of cannon, arms, and ammunition, fell into the Vendéans' hands. Most of the spoil was stowed in a church which the Republicans had desecrated by using as a magazine. I remember hearing that the day after the victory M. Henri was standing at a window from whence he could see into the church, and falling into a reverie, he remained there absorbed in his thoughts for two hours. One of the officers at last went up to him to rouse him from his abstraction, and asked him what he was doing there. Monsieur Henri answered simply, "I was meditating upon our successes. I am overwhelmed by them. To God belongs the glory."'

'Which of the Republicans would have made such a speech as that?' said Henri.

'You must not think, my dear Henri, that there were no conscientious men to be found in the Re-

publican army. I must tell you about General Quétineau, who certainly behaved very nobly. He was a plain, rough soldier, too : he had risen from the ranks. He had been taken prisoner by our army at the siege of Thouars, and was set at liberty on condition that he would not fight against us.

‘M. de Lescure and M. de la Rochejaquelein knew very well that if he went back to the Republicans they would put him to death for surrendering Thouars, though it was no fault of his.’ They therefore tried to persuade him to put himself under their protection, and join them. But nothing would induce him to do this ; he said he would remain faithful to the Republic and take his chance.’

‘But was he not wrong, Agathe?’ interrupted Victorine. ‘He had no business to be a Republican.’

‘He believed it to be his duty, Mademoiselle Victorine, and we cannot blame him for adhering to it boldly in spite of danger.’

‘Those Republicans would be ungrateful dogs if they punished him,’ said Henri.

‘It so happened,’ continued Agathe, ‘that Quétineau was imprisoned in the Castle of Saumur while awaiting his trial, for he was to be tried, as

our chiefs anticipated, on account of his surrender of Thouars. When our army took Saumur they found him there, and M. de Lescure instantly sent for him. "You see," he said, "what the Republicans mean to do for you. They have thrown you into prison. You will die on the scaffold. Come with us in order to save your life." But Quétineau was immovable.

"I cannot follow you, Monsieur," he said ; "for if I do, my wife will be in danger. If you give me my liberty, I shall give myself up to the Government."

'Nothing could change his resolution. He surrendered himself at Tours, was sent to Paris, tried, condemned to death, and guillotined. His unfortunate wife would not survive him. She cried, "Vive le Roi!" before the tribunal, and died also upon the scaffold.'

'How dreadful!' cried all the children in chorus; and Henri added meditatively, 'Certainly one must admire such heroism as that.'

'Go on, Agathe, about our army, now, please.'

'M. de Lescure had been badly wounded, as I told you, at the siege of Saumur. As he had had to pass some hours in the saddle, fever had come on, and the other officers begged him to go to the Château de Boulaye, where Madame la Marquise



was, and nurse himself. He consented, but before he went he assembled the officers and told them they ought to choose a commander-in-chief, as their proceedings were now conducted on a greater scale, and he ended by proposing Cathelineau. Everybody was pleased, the peasants especially, for he was one of themselves. It was a curious thing that there was far more liberty, equality, and fraternity, with us than with the Republicans, who had those words always in their mouths. Many of our officers were peasants, but the gentlemen treated them exactly as equals, as their brothers and comrades, and the peasants on their part were always respectful. So modest and unassuming were they, that they often got up and retired from the table if Madame de Lescure appeared in the mess-room. Your grandmamma tried to prevent them, but they said it was not for them to eat in Madame's presence, and they only yielded to her pressing entreaties that they would sit down again. They all dressed much alike, their clothes being made of the coarse manufactures of the country. Monsieur Henri had a particular fancy for wearing red handkerchiefs; one round his head, another round his neck, two or three round his waist, to stick his pistols into. This costume, though picturesque, made

him very conspicuous, and at the battle of Fontenoy the Blues were shouting, "Fire at *Mouchoir Rouge*." In the evening his brother officers, who were devoted to him, came and implored him to leave them off; but Monsieur Henri sturdily refused; "these handkerchiefs were so comfortable and convenient," he said. Upon this they all took to wearing them also, in order to lessen the danger to their favourite. So red handkerchiefs became fashionable in the army, and made our officers look really like the Brigands their enemies called them.'

'But, Agathe, what became of grandmamma and you all this time?' asked Victorine. 'You did not follow the army, did you?'

'*Ma chère petite*, your grandmamma and I were staying at Boulaye with Madame de Donnissan, the mother of Madame la Marquise. The place was a sort of head-quarters; the officers used to come there now and then, whenever there was nothing particular going on. Madame had been obliged to leave her little girl at Clisson with its nurse, but she now began to pine for her baby, so she sent for it to a little village called Pommeraye sur Sèvres, where she intended to meet it. She was obliged to ride there, the roads were so heavy, but she was so nervous that she made a peasant walk at the horse's

head all the way. The next morning she received a letter at Pommeraye from M. de Lescure, saying that he was wounded. Madame was dreadfully alarmed. She rushed into the courtyard, jumped upon a half-starved horse she found there, and, without thinking of her fears, galloped back to Boulaye as fast as the animal could go, when she found her husband in a violent fever. She was never nervous on horseback again.'

'How nice of grandmamma!' said Victorine.

'Yes,' added Henri, 'love was stronger than fear.'

'What was the next place that the Royalists took, Madame Agathe?' inquired Régnault.

'Why, Monsieur Régnault, I am afraid the next thing that happened to the Royalists was a defeat. They attempted to take the large town of Nantes; it was too great an enterprise for them; besides some mistakes were made, I have heard, in the mode of operations, which caused the attempt to fail.'

'I hope Monsieur Henri was not to blame,' said the little Count.

'No, Monsieur, neither of my young masters were to blame, for they were both absent; perhaps if they had been there matters would have turned out differently. But M. de Lescure was laid up

with his wound, and M. Henri was left at Saumur to command the garrison, a post which was not at all to his taste. But we had a terrible loss at Nantes. Our brave general, Cathelineau, was killed as he was storming the breach ; till that moment success seemed certain ; it was said that some mistake on the part of a brave but inexperienced youth, who had just joined us, M. le Prince de Talmont, was the cause of our defeat at Nantes. As soon as M. de Lescure heard of it he determined to join the army in spite of his wound, and Madame would not leave him in his crippled state, so we all went together. At a place called Amillou we found a part of the army, but we could not remain there. M. de Lescure sent us back to Clisson while he went on to Parthenay. We heard that he and M. de Baugé had a narrow escape of being taken prisoners at Parthenay. They had lain down on the same bed, when in the middle of the night the post was surprised by the Blues. M. de Bougé instantly started up and rushed to the gate, but the peasants had fled. A musket-ball hit him and broke his leg, and he as nearly as possible lost his life, for he was in the middle of the Blues ; but he contrived to swim across the river on horseback, and arrived safe to his friends. M. de Lescure,



who was suffering very much from his wound, escaped with great difficulty. He sent word to his wife directly what had happened, but his messenger was in such a state of panic that he rushed to Madame's room and shouted, "Madame, M. de Lescure begs you to fly instantly, we have been beaten at Parthenay ; fly !"

'Madame was so terrified at this news that she rushed into the courtyard of the château half dressed, like a mad creature. Happily, more correct information arrived that M. de Lescure had retreated quietly, and without being molested. Madame then got on horseback and rode off to Châtillon directly. When she got to the town, she was surprised by being greeted with shouts of "There she is ! There she is !" She found that a report had been spread that both she and M. de Lescure had been taken prisoners at Parthenay. She proved to them that she was safe, and then hastened to join her husband at Boulaye, their old quarters.'

'I hope we shall hear of a victory after these defeats,' said Henri.

'I hope so too, dear boy ; but I am afraid it must be next time, for I am getting a little tired.'

'Poor Agathe, you must be tired indeed,' said

Victorine, kissing her ; 'and do you know, Henri, what o'clock it is ? Just the time that you were to go to M. l'Abbé.'

'Oh, no, really, is it ?' groaned Henri, in a mournful tone. 'But you will let us come back here to you, dear Agathe, another time.'

'Certainly, dear boy ; and next time I will tell you of a droll incident which occurred just before the fatal attempt upon Nantes. *Au revoir, mes chers enfans.*'

The little ones kissed and thanked the old lady most affectionately, and trooped off, all chattering at once at the very top of their rather shrill French voices, and gesticulating as only foreign children can.

CHAPTER III.

THE afternoons set in so early now, and the weather was so severe, that the children could only go out in the forenoon when the sun shone on the frozen landscape, and it soon became an established thing that they should assemble in Agathe's room during the evening hour before their six o'clock dinner, which, according to foreign custom, they always partook of with their elders.

The following evening, therefore, they were ready to remind Agathe of the anecdote she had promised them, and she at once began :

'Four young men belonging to our army set off together one day and rode to the Republican town of La Flèche, ten miles in advance of the main body. (This was, as I told you, a short time before the attack on Nantes.) They galloped into the town, crying, 'Vive le Roi!' dismounted at the municipality, and announced that the Royal army was marching on Paris; that the Vendéans were close behind with 2000 cavalry to take up the

quarters ; and that the advance-guard had halted half a mile from the town not to alarm the inhabitants. In short, they made out a very fine story, and terrified the magistrates so much that they consented to give up all the tricoloured scarfs and to mount the white cockade, the badge of the House of Bourbon. And, finally, orders were given that all the trees of liberty should be burnt down. While these commands were being executed, our four madcaps went off to the principal hotel and sat down comfortably to dinner. In the middle of the repast, however, the servant girl came in and said, "Messieurs, a colporteur, who is just come from Angers, says that he has seen nothing of your advance-guard, and there is a talk of arresting you." The young Royalists now saw that the game was up, and that it was about time for them to be off. They were in their saddles in a moment, and soon dashed full speed into Angers, quite covered with tricolour scarfs, and excessively proud of the feat which they had performed.'

'That must have been capital fun,' cried the boys ; 'how well they managed it !'

'Was M. de la Rochejaquelein still at Saumur now, Agathe ?'

'He was obliged to abandon it, M. François, for

his garrison would not stay with him ; he had only nine men left at last, and with these he used to ride about the streets at night, crying "Vive le Roi!" to make the people think the garrison was very large. But he finally joined his cousin at Châtillon. They could not stay there long, General Westermann the Republican was advancing with a large army ; he had already burnt to the ground M. de Lescure's château of Clisson, and both M. de Lescure and M. Henri saw that it would be impossible to hold out Chatillon, so they retired, and Westermann marched into the town.'

'So they lost Chatillon,' said Régnauld, regretfully.

'Yes, but they took it again almost directly. The peasants were in such a state of wild fury that nothing could restrain them ; they would give no quarter and murdered all the Blues they could get hold of, in revenge for the villages those cruel men had burnt. M. d'Elbée in vain tried to stop the slaughter ; the peasants, who were really mad for the moment, pointed their muskets at him when he endeavoured to interfere. At length M. de Lescure was sent for. About sixty prisoners had been taken, who as soon as he came up threw themselves at his feet begging for mercy. At the sight of

M. le Marquis the peasants stood still, but M. de Marigny sprang forward in a state of wild excitement, crying, "Stand out of the way that I may shoot these wretches ; they have burnt your château." But M. de Lescure ordered him peremptorily to put a stop to the massacre at once, and he added, indignantly, "Marigny, you are too cruel ; you will die by the sword." No one could resist the gentle M. de Lescure : the massacre was stopped.'

'It seems as though the peasants were more ready to obey M. de Lescure than anybody,' said Henri.

'Yes ; he and M. de la Rochejaquelein were the favourite leaders, certainly, and they were also the best. In the battle of Vihiers, which took place soon after the affair of Châtillon, it so happened that the cousins were accidentally absent, and did not arrive on the field till the victory was complete. M. de Lescure asked what had happened. The peasants looked surprised : "What, General ! were you not at the battle ? Then it was Monsieur Henri who commanded us." Others said the same to M. Henri. The officers explained that they had let the men believe that their favourite chiefs were present in order to inspire them with confidence.'

'By-the-by, Agathe, now that Cathelineau was

dead, who was commander-in-chief? M. de Lescure, I suppose.'

'It ought to have been M. de Lescure or his cousin, certainly, but M. d'Elbée got himself chosen instead; and half the leaders did not know that there was a question of choosing one till the thing was done, and then no one took the trouble to alter it, for M. d'Elbée, as long as he had the name of general, cared very little about the power; but it was a bad appointment, nevertheless, for M. d'Elbée had no influence with the army.'

'Was the appointment really bad for the Royal cause, Agathe?' asked Henri.

'I can hardly tell, Monsieur; I believe it was partly M. d'Elbée's fault that the battle of Luçon was lost: the peasants did not understand his orders, and fell into confusion; but our army made up for its defeat by the victory of Chantonnay soon after. The little Chevalier de Mondyon distinguished himself in that battle. I think I mentioned him to you as being only fourteen; in the middle of the fight, a tall officer who was next to him wanted to retire on pretence of being wounded.

"I can't discover that you are hurt," said the boy; "you will throw us into confusion, and discourage our people if you retire now, so if you don't

remain where you are I'll blow your brains out." He was perfectly capable of doing it, as the officer knew full well, so he thought it wisest to obey the little fellow's orders.'

'Well done, the brave little monkey,' said François ; 'he was a determined young man.'

'So he was, François ; the young Chevalier was a gallant boy.'

'Now let us come back to our own heroes, Agathe, and to the history of the war.'

'You must prepare for evil times now, my children ; when our brave Vendéans become too weak to stand against the powerful armies that are sent against them ; when towns and villages are burnt, countries depopulated, men, women, and children all massacred. Ah, poor La Vendée ! in spite of all, they fight on to the last.

'Monsieur Henri was slightly wounded in a battle near Martigny. His thumb was broken in three places, and his elbow grazed. He was holding a pistol in his hand at the moment ; without dropping it, he called to his servant, "Just see if my elbow bleeds." "It does not bleed, sir," answered the man. "Then it is only my thumb that is broken ;" and he continued to give his orders as if nothing had happened.'

‘ But were the Vendéans never successful again, Agathe ? ’

‘ Oh, yes, Monsieur! they won the battle of Torfou, a most important and sanguinary encounter. The Blues had committed such atrocities, and so openly violated their pledged word, that it was resolved to give them no quarter. Before the army marched, the “ Curé ” of St. Laud performed mass at midnight, and blessed a large white banner which Madame had embroidered for the army, and which was emblazoned with a large cross and three fleurs-de-lis, and bore as its motto, “ Vive le Roi.” At the first fire, the Vendéans turned to fly, but M. de Lescure springing from his horse with some other officers, called out, “ Are there here four hundred brave men who will come and die with me ? ” Seventeen hundred from the parish of Echaubroignes shouted in reply, “ Yes, M. le Marquis ; we will follow you wherever you will lead us.” Thirteen hundred more joined them, the attack was successful, and the Blues were driven back. This victory was followed by another at St. Fulgent : M. de la Rochejaquelein was not present at either of these battles on account of his wound. In the last, M. de Lescure and M. de Mondyon had followed so impetuously in pursuit of the enemy

that they did not rejoin the army till ten at night. As they were returning they were at first fired from behind a hedge, and the poor little de Mondyon received a painful wound in the hand. The peasants were very triumphant after these victories. At Châtillon they chanted a solemn *Te Deum* in the cathedral, in thanksgiving for their recent successes. During the service M. de Lescure, to whose courage and resolution the victory was mainly owing, withdrew himself from the rest, and knelt apart concealed by a column, where he could undisturbed offer up his grateful devotions.

'But every day the war became more sanguinary and desperate. The Republicans were pressing on in greater numbers, and our danger was becoming more and more imminent; our people were defeated at Moulins-aux-Chêvres, and Châtillon was retaken by the Republicans. The army was divided now; M. d'Elbée was posted with one division near Clisson, and M. de Lescure commanded the other. But it was now resolved to get Châtillon back, if possible, and for this purpose the whole army united. M. de la Rochejaquelein had already joined his cousin, though still suffering from his wound, and wearing his arm in a sling. The town was soon in our hands, our army fought

with the most impetuous fury, and the slaughter was terrible. But in the middle of the night Westermann, who had found out how few the Vendéans were, dashed into the town, surprised our tired troops, massacred and burnt in all directions, and finally retired about daybreak without having received the slightest molestation. Our army, anxious to avenge this insult, resolved to follow the Republicans to Chollet ; but they marched slower than we had expected, and M. de Lescure, who led the vanguard, came up with them before he was aware. He rode forward with the younger de Beauvolliers, a boy of fifteen to reconnoitre, and mounting a bank, perceived the Republican outposts. 'Forward, my friends !' cried M. de Lescure to his men. Hardly had he said the words when a bullet entered his forehead above the eye, and he fell senseless to the ground. Little de Beauvolliers threw away his sword in an agony of grief, and cried weeping, "He is dead, he is dead !" Fortunately Bontemps, M. de Lescure's servant, came up at this moment, and found his master still breathing. He and M. de Renon succeeded in placing him on a horse, and, with the assistance of two men, Bontemps got him safe amidst the confusion of the fight to Beaupreau. His men, after fighting

desperately, retreated to Chollet, and not knowing what had become of M. de Lescure, they believed him to be dead.'

'Did they tell grandmamma that he was dead ? how dreadful for her !'

'The first that Madame heard of what had happened was from M. de Pérault ; he came up to her, and seizing her hand, burst into tears. He saw at once by her look of surprise that she knew nothing, and he told her he was weeping for the loss of the battle. She asked where her husband was. Poor M. de Pérault, who thought that he was killed, could not bear to tell her so ; so he said that M. de Lescure was at Beaupreau, and that she had better go there directly, for that she was in great danger where she was. Madame set off instantly with her mother and her little girl, but they lost their way, and it was not till the next day that Madame found her husband at Chaudron. What a shock it must have been to her ! She found him most dangerously wounded, his skull being severely fractured ; but his loving anxiety was all for his Victorine, and her arrival was a great relief to him, as he feared that she had fallen into the hands of the Republicans.'

'Well, it is a comfort,' said Henri, drawing a



long breath, 'that M. de Lescure was not killed. I hope he will recover.'

'Did he recover, Agathe?' asked the small Victorine.

'You shall hear, my children, all in good time. M. de la Rochejaquelein and M. d'Elbée made a desperate attack upon Chollet, and the battle that ensued was most sanguinary. The Vendéans were entirely successful at first, but a reserve corps of Mayençais came up to support the Blues, and turned the tide of the battle. M. de Bonchamps and M. d'Elbée were both mortally wounded, though they lingered a long while, but M. d'Elbée could no longer act as commander-in-chief. This defeat made it necessary for us to leave this part of the country, and our army marched towards St. Florent. M. de Lescure was carried in a litter, but he suffered dreadfully. On arriving at St. Florent, we saw, to the dismay of the officers, that the peasants were flying across the Loire. The confusion was fearful—the soldiers, the feeble old men, the women and children, all escaping in about twenty crazy boats, which went backwards and forwards conveying the fugitives; while in the distance arose the smoke of burning villages where the Republicans were wasting the country around

them. The officers were in despair ; they felt that if the army passed the Loire, La Vendée was abandoned for ever, and all that they had done and suffered was worse than in vain. M. de la Rochejaquelein was beside himself: he rushed to M. de Lescure, shedding tears of anger, and told him what was going on, vowing that for his own part he would never leave La Vendée. In vain it was represented to him that it was impossible to hold the army back ; he would listen to nothing. M. de Lescure roused himself to declare that he would remain with his cousin and die in La Vendée ; but at length he was persuaded that this step would not be of the slightest avail, and he reluctantly yielded. Before the officers crossed, they deliberated what was to be done with five thousand Republican prisoners who were at St. Florent. On the first impulse it was advised to shoot them all. M. de Lescure, who was lying on a mattress, his wife watching him, heard the proposal, and said in a feeble voice, 'How horrible !' but he was not heard. However, it was impossible to find executioners, and M. de Bonchamps, who was lying at the point of death, rallied his strength to implore that their lives might be spared for his sake. The entreaty of the dying general could not be resisted,

and the men were all set at liberty. With great difficulty and pain M. de Lescure was transported across the river with his relations and friends, and they arrived safe at Varades in Brittany. M. de Lescure here sent for his officers, and represented to them that they ought to elect another commander-in-chief. They answered that he must be their general, and that when he was recovered he could take the command. "No, gentlemen," he said, "even if I get well, which I do not expect, it will be long before I can serve again." He then begged them to elect M. de la Rochejaquelein; he had more influence with the peasants than any of the other chiefs, and was in every respect the best leader they could have. "If I should survive," he added, "you know that Henri and I shall not quarrel; I will be his aide-de-camp." M. de la Rochejaquelein was unanimously chosen; but he had no wish for the honour, and resisted as long as he could. Indeed, if he had a fault, it was that he was too modest and humble; at the councils of war he never insisted upon his advice being followed: sometimes when he differed from the others he used to say to his intimate friends, "They really have not common sense; but when it comes to

fighting it will be our turn to take the lead, and then they will obey our orders.”

‘The peasants were very much pleased, I suppose, Agathe, at having their favourite for general?’

‘They were, M. François. M. de Lescure heard their shouts of satisfaction, and asked Madame to go and fetch M. Henri. He had hidden himself in a dark corner of the room, and, when she found him, was weeping bitterly. Madame persuaded him to come out of his hiding-place, and he then went up to M. de Lescure’s couch, threw his arms round his cousin’s neck, and assured him that he was not fit to be a general; that he was too young, and he begged M. de Lescure to promise that he would take the command if he got well. “I dare not hope it,” answered M. le Marquis; “but if I do recover, I will be your aide-de-camp; I will help you to conquer that timidity which conceals the real strength of your character, and prevents you from silencing mischief-makers or ambitious persons.”’

‘Poor M. de Lescure!’ said Victorine; ‘I am afraid he will die.’

‘Was M. de Lescure obliged to travel on with the army, Agathe?’

‘Yes, my dear Henri ; as long as life remained, nothing would induce M. de Lescure to abandon the army. It was decided, against his advice, to move on towards Rennes, the chief town of Brittany ; and the sufferings of my beloved master on that journey even now make my heart bleed when I think of them. It was impossible to find easy conveyances for him, and the agony he endured at length seemed to affect his brain, and he became irritable and almost violent. At times he sank into a kind of lethargy, seeming conscious of nothing but exquisite pain, and Madame and I had to watch his sufferings with no means of alleviating them. I used to dress his wound for him, for Madame was short-sighted, and had not nerve enough.’

‘Poor M. de Lescure—how he must have suffered !’ said Henri.

‘And how did M. de la Rochejaquelein get on, meanwhile, in his office of general, Agathe?’

‘Admirably well ; but he was in considerable danger once. He met a Republican foot-soldier in a narrow way : his right arm was still in a sling, so he seized the soldier by the collar, and guiding his horse with his knees and his feet alone, he kept hold of the man till he met his own people. Monsieur Henri would not let them kill his prisoner, but

turning to the fellow, he said, "Go back to the Republican army, and tell them that you found yourself singly opposed to the general of the brigands, who had only one serviceable hand, and was unarmed, and that you were not able to despatch him."

'But, dear Agathe, tell me what happened to M. de Lescure,' said the Chevalier. 'I want to know how he went on.'

'The rest that our army had at Laval seemed to do him good ; the pain subsided, and he even so far improved as to be able to mount his horse ; but, alas ! our hopes were soon crushed. We heard that the Republicans were marching on Laval, and our army went out to meet them. M. de Lescure actually wished to go also, but though we prevented him, he excited himself so much by leaning out of the window and calling to the troops as they marched past to encourage them, that he became worse than ever. M. de la Rochejaquelein won a complete victory ; his conduct throughout the day deserved the highest praise. But meanwhile M. de Lescure grew rapidly worse. Day by day his sufferings increased, and brought on a violent irritation of the brain and the whole nervous system. One morning a gentleman from Echaubroignes related

to him how that parish had lost five hundred men during the war. M. le Marquis talked of nothing else but the heroic courage of the men of Echaubroignes ; in vain Madame tried to calm his vehemence, and in the evening violent fever came on.

‘ Early in the morning of the day on which we quitted Laval, M. de Lescure called to Madame, who was lying on a pallet by his side. His irritability had passed away : all his usual gentleness had returned.

“ Draw back the curtain, dearest,” he said ; “ is it daylight ? ”

“ Yes,” she replied.

“ Then there is a veil before my eyes ; I can see nothing distinctly. I always thought my wound was mortal ; now I am sure of it. My dearest, I am going to leave you. It is the only thing that grieves me, and also that I could not replace my sovereign on the throne.”

‘ He said a great deal more : his last words were full of pious resignation and trust, and of thoughtful love for his poor young wife. He begged her to escape to England ; and seeing her overcome with grief, he told her that his only regret in dying was on account of her anguish. His eyes filled with tears as he repeated tenderly, “ *Je ne regrette*

que toi;” but his countenance was almost angelic in its expression of perfect peace. They were obliged to set out on their journey, M. le Marquis ever getting worse. The news of the Queen’s death, which reached him, affected him deeply.

“Ah!” he exclaimed, “the monsters have murdered her. I fought to save her. If I live it will be to avenge her. No more mercy.”

‘The following day, when he was lifted into the carriage, it was evident that his last hour was near; he could not speak. The surgeon and I were in the carriage with him, but Madame was on horseback, as the surgeon’s presence was absolutely necessary. My poor mistress performed that journey in a sort of trance of despair. It was not till her arrival at Fougères that we could bring ourselves to tell her that our beloved Marquis was indeed no more. He had expired in the carriage, and all his sufferings were over.’

Agathe paused. Even after this lapse of years she could not look back on that time of terrible sorrow without deep emotion, while her young auditors were hardly less affected.

‘You shall not tell us any more to-night, Agathe,’ at length Henri said, affectionately. ‘I see you are tired, and another day, perhaps, you

will tell us what became of "la Bonne-Maman" and Monsieur de la Rochejaquelein.'

Agathe was pleased with the boy's consideration, and told them she would willingly resume her stories whenever they wished to hear them ; and the children, after kissing her with gratitude, departed.

CHAPTER IV.

'WE have only one of our "heroes" left to talk about to-night, my dear children, and very solitary did the young general feel, now that he whom he had loved as a brother was laid low in death. He entered most keenly into the young widow's grief. She was very ill after that terrible journey from Laval, but she was strengthened in her hour of trial. She remained quiet at Fougères for a few days, and M. Henri and two other intimate friends came to visit her. They sat down and wept silently ; at last M. Henri got up and embraced her. "You have lost your best friend, dear Henri," she said ; "next to me he loved you better than any one."

'In a tone of the deepest anguish the young man replied, "Oh ! if I could bring him back at the expense of my own life, I would gladly give it." And all the army felt the same, for they had all sincerely loved the good and gentle Marquis de Lescure.

‘But M. Henri showed himself well fitted to take his cousin’s place on the field of battle. No one who had seen his usual manner of fighting would have thought that he could make so good a general. Instead of rushing impetuously on the enemy, unheeding whether his men followed him or not, he was now cool and vigilant, keeping order, directing the battle, and checking the men when they were too eager, like an old experienced soldier, instead of a high-spirited youth of twenty.

‘Soon after the death of my Marquis, our army was defeated before Granville; but M. Henri showed great ability and courage. Here is a little anecdote of him for Mademoiselle Victorine. Madame had had a squirrel given to her, and it was in the room when M. Henri happened to come in to pay her a visit. He instantly turned pale, and confessed laughing that he had a violent antipathy to squirrels. Madame joked him about it, and persuaded him to stroke the little creature, which was very tame; but he trembled violently, and freely owned that he was afraid of it, never thinking that it was more strange in him than it would be in others.’

‘I say, Agathe, I heard Albert say the other

night that the battle of Dol was a tremendous action. Was it fought near you?' asked Henri.

'We were in the middle of it, and it was indeed tremendous. It was fought in the middle of the night; our men behaved most gallantly, but towards morning they gave way. Then a panic terror seized them, and they fled. In vain the officers tried to stop the fugitives; such a scene of confusion never was witnessed before; we were obliged to follow the crowd till we arrived at a bridge, where M. Pérault had placed some cannon, and M. de Denan-Duchesne, a boy of sixteen, was making frantic efforts to rally the men. There we stopped and watched what was going on. At length they recovered so far from their panic as to listen to M. d'Autichamp, who, bidding them hark to the distant cannonading, told them that their young chief, M. Henri, was fighting still with the few men that stood by him, and he asked them if they would abandon their brave general. This speech went home to their hearts; a thousand voices cried at once, 'Vive le Roi, et M. de la Rochejaquelein!' and their courage returned. The priests, too, exhorted and implored; and the peasants, inspired by the presence of their revered teachers, rushed back to the scene of conflict. We

heard afterwards, that when the rout began, M. Henri, who had been fighting desperately on the left wing throughout the night, was crossing over to the other when he found his men in full flight. He was then in utter despair ; giving up the day for lost, he determined not to survive the defeat, and folding his arms upon his breast, he planted himself exactly in front of the enemy's batteries, while M. Allard endeavoured in vain to drag him away, imploring him not to sacrifice himself. At that moment firing was heard to the right. M. Henri forgot his desperate resolution ; he dashed off towards the sound, and found M. le Prince de Talmont at the head of four hundred men, fighting with heroic courage, the thick fog concealing the small numbers of his troops. M. Henri's arrival animated the men with fresh courage ; soon after, the fugitives began to return, and the victory was won. All agreed that we owed it to the courage and perseverance of the young Prince de Talmont.'

'After all, Agathe, affairs were not in such a bad way. I thought at first it was all over with the Vendéans.'

'M. Henri, it was become a despairing warfare ; it was no longer for victory we fought, it was for life ; if we gave in we knew that a general massacre

would be the consequence, and *that* thought gave our army the courage of despair. M. Henri's energy, meanwhile, never seemed to tire ; with small bodies of cavalry he used to throw himself unexpectedly on the Blues, as usual leading the charge, and, as usual making the sign of the cross first, and then dashing forwards. Many of his officers had grown indifferent and idle, and had left him on one occasion to fight almost alone. He reproached them for it, saying, "Gentlemen, is it not enough that you oppose me at the council, but you must leave me exposed to the enemy's fire also?"'

'But would the Republicans have put them all to death if they had surrendered, Agathe?'

'There can be no doubt that they would, my dear children, for they put to death all who fell into their hands. No ; there was nothing for it but to hold out to the last. It was determined that the army should approach the frontier of Brittany again, where there was hope of obtaining recruits ; but what was our dismay upon arriving at La Flèche, where we were to cross the Loire, when we saw the bridge broken down, and the opposite shore occupied by the Blues in great numbers ! M. Henri soon made up his mind what to do ; telling



the rear-guard to keep firm, he took three hundred picked horsemen, mounted as many foot-soldiers behind them, and, as soon as it was dark, forded the river at some distance higher up. He arrived silently at the gates of the town, then dismounting his infantry, he dashed into the streets at the head of his cavalry, shouting 'Vive le Roi!' At the sound of this well-known Legitimist war-cry, the Republicans thought they had the whole army upon them, and fled in the greatest terror and consternation. By this bold act M. Henri was able to repair the bridge and to give his worn-out troops a day of rest.'

'They had plenty of spirit left in them still, Agathe; they were like lions at bay,' said Henri.

'It was their last triumph I am afraid, M. le Comte. After resting at La Flèche the army pushed on to Le Mans, and it was not till after some sharp fighting that M. de la Rochejaquelein and the Prince de Talmont forced their way into the city. The troops were now thoroughly exhausted and worn out; they loudly demanded a few days' rest for the wounded, the sick, and the feeble, and the chiefs were obliged to yield; nor could they look upon the cruel sufferings of the multitudes around them without shedding tears of

pity.' But this halt enabled the Republicans to concert measures for destroying them utterly.

'At length the assault took place. M. Henri posted himself with a number of troops in a small wood, and for a long time beat off the repeated attacks of the Republicans ; but at length our men began to give way, and to retire into the town, and the general was obliged to abandon the wood. If his men had stood by him even then he might still have driven off the Blues, but in vain he urged them on,—in vain, followed by the gallant M. Forestier and M. Allard, he spurred his horse three times into the midst of the Republican cavalry, not one peasant followed him, and, driven half distracted with rage and despair, he turned bridle and galloped back to the town to arrange measures for its defence. There he found everything in the most utter confusion ; not an officer was to be found, and his servant had not even a fresh horse ready for him. He was obliged to return to the bridge where the troops still were firm, and they defended it till the enemy found a ford and crossed there. Step by step, foot by foot, M. Henri de la Rochejaquelein contested the approaches to the town, and thus protected in some measure the retreat of the wretched inhabitants.'



‘They fought valiantly indeed,’ said Henri.

‘And what became of grandmamma all this time, Agathe?’

‘Madame feared from the first that our army would be defeated, and she endeavoured to persuade the Republican lady with whom she lodged to take charge of her helpless baby, but the woman feared to undertake it. At last at nightfall news arrived that our army had dispersed, and Madame was obliged to think of her own safety. Imagine, my dear Henri and Victorine, a young and delicate woman, barely one-and-twenty, ill and suffering from every privation and hardship,—imagine her flying from Le Mans on horseback, surrounded by crowds of despairing fugitives, not a friend or acquaintance near her, the darkness of a December’s evening coming on apace; think of her, too, a forlorn widow, he whom she loved best so lately taken from her, and you will wonder how she survived so much misery.’

‘Poor grandmamma!’ said Victorine, pitifully; ‘how was it that she was separated from her friends, Agathe?’

‘Her father, M. de Donnissan, and her cousin, were in the thick of the combat, and all the officers she knew were either fighting by their side or else

desperately wounded ; then the confusion of the fight was so great ; men, women, and children, all escaping together. At last the faithful Bontemps, poor M. de Lescure's servant, discovered his mistress : he was carrying her little girl in his arms and holding it up, he cried, "I save my master's child !" Then making his way to her through the crowd, he took her horse's bridle, and led her through the encumbered streets. By degrees as the moon rose, she recognised a friend here and there ; at length two officers galloped up to her, and with a thrill of joy she saw they were M. Henri and her father.

"Ah ! you are safe," said M. Henri, as he rode up.

"I was afraid you had been killed," answered Madame.

'M. Henri grasped her hand, and the tears swelled over his eyes as he replied, "Would I were dead !" With difficulty they reached a small village, where they rested for the remainder of the night. The following day they started again. M. Henri was quite inconsolable for his defeat : he never ceased to reproach himself for not having remained in Le Mans when all was hopeless ; he felt he ought to have perished there. In vain did



Madame and those who loved him try to convince him that he was wrong and unjust to himself, he was still impressed with the idea that it was his duty to have died in Le Mans.'

'How sorry one feels for him,' said François ; 'but what became of the wounded, Agathe?'

'Ah, M. François! some were saved, but numbers were massacred, or dragged to Alençon, and there guillotined. The good and brave M. d'Herbault, one of our officers, was mortally wounded; he would not allow any one to risk his life by remaining with him. "Lay me down by the side of M. de Maignan," he said. He was placed there by the side of his wounded friend, and together they patiently waited for death. The Vendean army never rallied after this most fatal battle; they were never able to fight such another; the cause of the Royalists had perished.'

'Did the army quite disperse then, Agathe? What became of its chiefs, and of our Monsieur Henri?'

'No, Henri, though broken and crushed, not even yet were the gallant Vendéans quite destroyed. I will tell you as well as I can what remains to tell of their history. At Laval, Madame parted from her gentle and heroic cousin: early in the

morning M. Henri came to her to tell her that a report which had just arrived of the approach of the Blues was false. She might go on with the army quite safely towards Craon, and he would merely snatch a mouthful of breakfast at Laval, and follow immediately. The cousins little thought then, how long it would be before they met again.'

'Why, what became of M. Henri? did he not stay with the army, Agathe?'

'Yes, M. Régnault; but when he overtook them he went on immediately to his usual post in the vanguard, and Madame was in the rear of the army. We marched day and night till we arrived at Ancenis, where we were to cross the Loire. But when we reached the bank we found that the Republicans had taken away the boats, so that there were no means of crossing the river. M. de la Rochejaquelein had foreseen this, and had ridden forward to see what could be done. There were only two little boats, but M. Henri soon discovered four strong barges moored to the opposite side, and loaded with hay. These he determined to have, and as nobody dared to venture across, he sprang the first into one of the boats, with M. de Bauge and Stofflet, while young

de Langerie and eighteen soldiers crowded into the other. Anxiously did we all watch them as they pulled stoutly across the strong and rapid Loire, and we soon saw them leap on shore and begin unloading the hay from the barges. But long before their task was done, a patrol of Republicans galloped up ; a few shots only were fired, and then our men dispersed and fled, leaving M. de la Rochejaquelein and his three companions alone. They were obliged to escape also, but they could not recross the river, for a gunboat of the enemy had arrived, and intercepted the passage.'

'Oh ! and they did not succeed after all, and M. Henri was separated from his men too. What *did* they do without their general, Agathe ?'

'They hardly knew what to do ; the confusion of course, was very great, and the men kept deserting in great numbers. The Republicans had published an amnesty, which a great many of the Vendéans were unfortunate enough to believe in. I was amongst that mistaken number.'

'But what do you mean, Agathe, by an amnesty ?' asked Victorine.

'The Republicans promised a general pardon, my darling, to all the Vendéans who would give themselves up at Nantes.'

‘And did you go, Agathe? and were you pardoned?’

‘You shall hear afterwards, *mes enfans*, what became of me. I will now continue the history of those whose adventures are far more worth hearing.’

‘Of Monsieur Henri?’

‘Not yet. We must leave M. Henri for a time, while we follow the steps of your poor young “bonne-maman,” and of the still gallant peasants of La Vendée. I and a good many of the servants left her at Nort, and she remained with the army. She was obliged to leave her little girl at the cottage of a kind peasant, who promised to bring her up as a little peasant child, and with a breaking heart Madame took leave of her only child. Their march was dangerous and harassing to the last degree. Every moment there came shouts of “The Blues are coming!” so that no one dared to linger behind the army for an instant. At length they reached Savenay, but it was no place of safety for them. Madame, wearied out, threw herself on a couch and fell asleep; when at nine o’clock in the evening she was told to get up, hurried into the street, and placed upon a horse which stood ready saddled. Not knowing where

she was to go to, she wanted to get off again, when M. de Marigny came up, took her horse's bridle without saying a word, led her aside, and said, "It is all over ; we are lost ; it will be impossible to resist the attack of the Blues, who will be upon us to-morrow. I hope to die defending your banner. Try to escape ; save yourself ! Farewell ! farewell !"

'He hastened away, and Madame, dismounting, went to her parents and told them what she had just heard, and it was arranged that they should find a guide who would show them a safe place of concealment at some cottage. While this was being settled, M. de Donnissan, Madame's father, was sitting silent, his face buried in his hands ; at length he raised his head and gave his sanction to the measure they proposed. "As for myself," he said, "my duty is to remain with the army as long as it keeps together." He earnestly commended them to the care of M. l'Abbé Jagault ; and Madame and her mother having put on some coarse dresses, like those worn by Breton peasant-women, they took leave of M. de Donnissan. That must have been a touching parting ; no one could speak, the choking tears stopped their utterance : silently M. de Donnissan pressed those dear ones

to his heart, then saying hastily, "Victorine, never leave your unhappy mother," he tore himself away. They never heard his voice again.'

'Oh, Agathe, was he killed?' exclaimed Victorine.

'Don't interrupt, *petite sœur*,' said Henri. 'Go straight on, Agathe, please.'

'Madame and her mother, and the good Abbé, started on their melancholy journey; as they rode along they could hear the cannonading and the fire of the musketry, and they knew that the battle was going on. At two o'clock in the morning they found shelter and hospitality at a château, whose owner had emigrated. There they obtained a few hours' repose, but were awakened at eight o'clock by the renewed cannonading, and the conviction flashed across their minds that the Vendean army was destroyed. It was too true; the Vendéans were dispersing in all directions, and the good man who had charge of the château rushed in, telling them they must fly instantly. Already the Republican hussars were thundering at the front door, but slipping out unperceived by a back entrance, they made their way, guided by their host, Ferret, to a small farm in a very retired spot. There, trembling with anxiety and terror, Madame de

Donnissan sat down in the chimney-corner knitting, while Madame was taken to a mill behind the house, where a boy called Renaud was at work. "Here, Renaud," said the farmer's wife, "here is a poor brigand-girl, whom I put under your care. If the Blues come, tell them she is waiting to have her corn ground." Renaud was very kind, and did his best to comfort her.

'In this poor habitation Madame and her mother remained ; no one knew who they were, but no one would have betrayed them if they had known : Brittany was ever loyal, and all the inhabitants of the little village of Prinquiaux, where they had taken refuge, were warm Royalists, and kind and hospitable in their nature. Madame took the name of Jeannette, Madame de Donnissan that of Marion, and Madame had to go and help to keep sheep. Her companion was a stout Breton girl, called Marianne, who always carried about with her a thick stick, after the fashion of Breton peasants.

"Here, Marianne," cried her mother, Persine, leading forward my little "Marquise," "here is the brigand-girl."

"Never fear for her, mother," answered Marianne. "I will die for her if necessary ; if any

one offers to hurt her, I will knock him down with my cudgel."

'This good girl was very kind to Madame, and soon became quite devoted to her.'

'What a change it must have been for poor grandmamma! I suppose the Breton cottages were miserable places, Agathe?' said Victorine.

'Yes, my love, and the poor Breton peasants were far from cleanly in their habits. Their houses generally consisted of one room with a very large chimney, in which they burned turf, which made a ruddy flame, and had rather a pleasant odour. At the foot of the beds were piles of chests, where the peasants kept their corn; the stable was only separated from the rest of the house by a wooden partition, and the manger was inside the rooms, so that the oxen had to thrust their heads through holes made for the purpose, and the noise of their horns as they moved often awoke the poor fugitives with a start, making them think the Blues were upon them. The peasants smoked in this room; and as for their meals, they never dreamt of such luxuries as plates, forks, or drinking-vessels. Their food was a sort of soup, which they ate out of a large bowl, and they drank out of a common pitcher.'

‘Did grandmamma never hear what became of the army, Agathe, and of her father?’

‘Yes, M. Henri ; some time after Madame was joined by Mademoiselle Carria, one of her attendants, who brought her news of the defeat of Savenay. M. de Marigny and M. de Donnissan had both done wonders, and the battle was most sanguinary. Three times did M. de Marigny charge into the midst of the Blues with the white banner which Madame had worked for the army in his hand ; but all his efforts were vain. But as Madame herself said, the resistance must have been wonderfully heroic. Long after these mournful events Madame showed me a passage from a letter written by one of the Republican generals the day after the battle of Savenay. This is what he says : “ I gazed at them long, I examined them well. I recognised in those stern faces the heroes of Chollet and Laval. I protest that, by their expression and demeanour, they lacked nothing of the soldier save his uniform. Troops which have beaten Frenchmen such as these may never despair of beating other nations. In short, perhaps I may be mistaken, but still, in spite of the contempt and ridicule with which this guerilla warfare has been treated, I cannot help thinking that on our success

in *that* warfare the existence of the Republic depended, and that with other enemies our troops will find it but child's play in comparison."'

'Was that really what the Republican general said? It showed their opinion of our men at least; and besides, you see our troops did beat all other nations.'

'Not quite all, M. Henri.'

'Oh! I know what you mean, that horrid Waterloo. Don't you hate the English mortally, Agathe?'

'No, M. Henri, I cannot say I do. Our Vendean heroes had much friendly communication with England, where the poor *émigrés* also found safe shelter.'

Henri was silent, but not convinced, while the others exclaimed, 'You are not going to stop, Agathe; are you?'

'I must, my children. Albert's grandchildren are coming for some clothes, which Mademoiselle la Marquise gave me for them, and I must go and get them out. Good-bye, dears. To-morrow I will continue the history of Madame's adventures.'

'And of M. Henri's too?'

'And of M. Henri's too, if we have time.'

CHAPTER V.

‘DID the Blues never find grandmamma in any of her hiding-places?’ was Henri’s eager question the next time the young party met in Agathe’s room.

‘My Marquise and her mother were in great danger, M. Henri, but *le bon Dieu* protected them. The victorious Republicans kept scouring the country, and some peasants who were detected in having sheltered some poor Vendean fugitives were shot, but this did not frighten the others from their humane conduct.

‘The young children even were as prudent and cautious as their parents: one little deaf and dumb girl was always on the watch, and warned the fugitives by signs when danger was at hand. The very dogs learned to hate the Blues, who used to beat them; they always barked furiously when the Blues approached, while they knew instantly the step of a Vendean, and were perfectly quiet. In this way

they saved a great many persons by giving them timely warning.'

'Did Madame de Lescure never hear anything of the officers of the army after the dreadful battle of Savenay ?' said François.

'Yes, Chevalier ; M. de Marigny appeared one day in the parish of Prinquiaux. One of his objects in coming was to look after an orphan child whom he had adopted. She was called Rosette de Rechignevoisin : her mother had died during the campaign. He took the greatest care of this little creature ; at night he used to wrap her up in his cloak and make her sleep on a gun-carriage. He had placed her under the care of a peasant after the battle of Savenay ; but this man was afraid of keeping her, so he told her to go to Prinquiaux and knock at the door of any one of the cottages ; that she need not be afraid, for all the people were Royalists. She went boldly forth, and contrived to find Madame de Lescure. She was a fearless little thing, though rather foolish and thoughtless. One day the Blues, who were searching for her everywhere, met her, without guessing who she was. They tried, out of wanton mischief, to kill the dog Rosette had with her, but the child gallantly planted herself between them and the animal,

and defended him from their cruelty. M. de Marigny was making violent efforts to raise the peasantry and begin the war over again. Though he was well known all over the country, he went everywhere with the most fearless audacity, speaking every sort of *patois*, disguised under every sort of character; he walked into Nantes, and even Savenay, repeatedly; he had a wonderful talent for getting out of danger. However his coming to Prinquiaux put the Blues so much on the alert that Madame and her mother were no longer able to remain there, and they were obliged to seek another place of shelter. They found a friend in a gentleman of the name of Julien Rialleau, who took care of them as well as he was able; under his guidance they went from village to village in continual terror of the Blues. My poor Marquise suffered very much, for she was in very delicate health. At length in a miserable hut her two little girls were born. Poor little things! Madame had nothing but rags to wrap her twin daughters in, and she feared they would die for want of nourishment, for it was with great difficulty that a nurse was found for them. It was a great comfort to their unhappy mother that a priest was also procured, who bap-

tized the infants by the names of Joséphine and Louise.'

'And did they live, Agathe?' asked Victorine, anxiously; for Victorine's passion for babies of all ranks and degrees was well known in the family. So Agathe answered quite compassionately:

'No, my child; Joséphine only lived twelve days after her birth: it was better for her that she should be taken so young from a world of so much sin and misery; but it was a great grief to her poor young mother. Little Louise seemed to thrive. After Madame's recovery she and her mother unexpectedly found a kind friend in a young girl called Félicité. This maiden had felt the strongest interest in the Vendean cause, and as she knew all about Madame de Lescure and where she was concealed, she managed to get an anonymous letter conveyed to her, asking her to come to the house of one of her friends, Madame de Dumoustiers, where she would be in less danger and greater comfort. This brave girl managed everything: she came to fetch Madame and her mother, and they all set out together for Dréneuf, in the parish of Freygréac, where Madame Dumoustiers lived. Madame de Lescure and Madame de Donnissan took the names of Jeanne and Marie Jague.



Félicité led the way on horseback, and the others rode on one horse without any saddle ; but they were in the greatest alarm lest the Blues, whom they met every minute on the road, and who were searching through Prinquiaux, which they had just left, should have any suspicions. Madame Dumoustiers received them with the greatest kindness and affection ; and all her children, amongst them a beautiful young girl of fifteen, called Marie-Louise, did everything they could to make the poor fugitives comfortable. But even here they were exposed to continual terror : the Blues came over and over again to the house, searching for Madame de Lescure, but they never discovered her in her disguise. My poor Marquise suffered agonies of fear, for, as I told you, she was naturally very timid ; her mother, on the contrary, was always cool and calm, never for an instant losing her presence of mind.'

'Did nobody ever find them out, Agathe ?'

'Yes, my dear Victorine ; the peasants guessed sometimes, but they would have perished sooner than betray her. Do you remember the miller's boy Renaud, whom she helped at the mill ? he found out or was told who she was, and he very considerately kept away from her, lest his change

of manner should make her feel uneasy. Afterwards he sent "his duty" to Madame de Lescure, adding that he had known her secret for some time, but that it was quite safe with him.'

'What had become of M. de Marigny after he went away from Prinquiaux, Agathe?'

'He tried to join M. de Charette's army, Henri, on the other side of the Loire.'

'Who was M. de Charette?'

'Ah! I forgot I had not mentioned M. de Charette to you. I will explain to you about him. Before my Marquis and M. Henri organised the insurrection of the Bocage, the peasants of Lower Poitou and the neighbourhood of Nantes had already revolted under M. de Charette and some other officers, and for some time his division and our army remained separate. Perhaps this was as well, for M. de Charette's peasants had not the gentleness and humanity and piety of ours; they committed a good many cruelties, which M. de Charette had not the power to prevent. However, after the battle of Saumur our generals communicated with M. de Charette, who joined us with his division, and proved a brave and clever officer; he always professed great admiration for M. de Lescure. After the victory of St. Fulgent he was



mortally offended, because, by some mistake of M. de Marigny, he did not get his share of the spoil ; in consequence, he abruptly left the army and posted himself with his division in his old camp of Légé, on the left bank of the Loire. His departure was inconvenient, and naturally weakened the army, and disappointed M. de Lescure, who was at that time in reality the general in command.'

'That was not noble of M. de Charette to quarrel with the generals for such a reason as that,' said François.

'No, indeed,' added Henri; 'neither M. de Lescure nor M. de la Rochejaquelein would have acted in that manner.'

'Did grandmamma still continue to live with those kind people the Dumoustiers, Agathe?' asked Victorine.

'Yes, my child ; but towards the end of the month of October, it seemed that better times were at hand. The search for the Vendean fugitives was not carried on so rigorously, the prisons began to be opened, and a general amnesty was at last published. It was a long time before Madame la Marquise would believe that the amnesty was really promised in good faith, for the Republicans had so often cruelly broken their word, and it was

longer still before she would take advantage of it. What! she, the widow of the gallant Marquis de Lescure—would she abandon the dying cause of La Vendée while there remained a vestige of the royal army? She could not prevail upon herself to do so, and it was not for some time that her mother could persuade her that her remaining concealed in peasant's attire in a remote village in Brittany could now be of no further service to the unfortunate La Vendée. With tears of grief and despair she yielded at last, but she said she would go to Nantes before she quite made up her mind, and see for herself if the cruelties had ceased. She came to the house of Madame de Dumoustiers' friends, and there, to our mutual joy, I once more saw my beloved young mistress.'

'Oh, Agathe! had you been in prison all this time? how did you get out?'

'I will tell you directly, my children, the history of those unfortunates who like myself accepted the first amnesty published at Nort. I will first finish what I was going to say of your grandmamma. Every one advised her to accept the amnesty, and she was told that M. de Charette was treating with the Republicans. There was nothing, indeed, that could humiliate us in our present treatment by our



enemies. They had feared the Vendean officers too much not to respect them, and they ordered that we should be called 'erring brothers and sisters,' a name which rather made us laugh. M. de Charette's officers were walking about Nantes with their white cockades, and all those who were let out of prison were treated with the greatest kindness by the Nantois. The Reign of Terror in France, had, thank God! passed away; the infamous Robespierre had met with his just reward, he had died on the scaffold. Madame made up her mind to accept the amnesty, and she returned to Dréneuf to make her preparations for going to Nantes. Her grief was that she was obliged to leave her little Louise, who was a lovely infant, but so delicate that her mother feared the risk of the journey for her, for the weather was bitterly cold. Madame and her mother enjoyed a melancholy pleasure in seeing their friends again after so many months of suffering and sorrow, and in listening to all the interesting details they had to tell.

'Madame de Bonchamps, whose husband had been killed in battle, narrowly escaped. The death of Robespierre arrived just in time to save her. But nothing in this world can be conceived more horrible than Carrier's "Noyades." Without

trial, without any preparation, numbers of men, women, and children, were every night, by the order of that ferocious monster Carrier, drowned in the Loire, for no crime but because he suspected them of being Royalists. The crowds he sent to the guillotine were so great that even the executioners were horrified, and the citizens of Nantes in vain implored for mercy, entreating, at least, that the innocent children might be spared, and offering to bring them up as their own. Carrier only replied, "They are vipers, let them be strangled." Amid these scenes of horror the heroism with which the Vendean peasants met their fate can never be forgotten. Faithful to the last, many cried on the scaffold, "Vive le Roi ! nous allons en Paradis !"

' One beautiful girl of sixteen, named Mdlle. de Cuissard, won the pity and love of a young officer in the Hussars, who knelt at her feet for three hours entreating her to let him save her. She steadily refused, because he either could not or would not save her aged mother also, and both were thrown into the Loire. Ah ! how will Carrier answer at the great Day of Judgment for the torrents of innocent blood which he has wantonly shed—for the bitter agony, the load of suffering



and misery which he has caused ? How will he stand before that God, whose name he has blasphemed, whose power he has defied ? truly in that day he will desire to change places with the meanest of his victims.'

The tears stood in Agathe's eyes as she recollected the horrors of that terrible period, and she paused a moment, while the children were too much moved to speak. She presently continued,—

'With respect to Madame de Bonchamps, I must tell you the manner in which she finally obtained her liberation. She sent her little girl, a child of six years old, to present to the judges her petition. The little creature fearlessly walked up to the tribunal, and holding out the paper said, "Citoyens, I am come to ask the pardon for mamma." They took the paper and looked at the name ; it was that of one of the best leaders of the Royalist army, and they hesitated ; but one of them turning to the child, said she should have the pardon if she would sing them a song, for he knew she had an exquisite voice, and that she was in the habit of singing to her mother's fellow-prisoners. Without hesitating an instant she sang with a clear ringing voice the words she had

heard from twenty thousand men on the field of battle,—

‘“Vive, vive le Roi !
A bas la République !”

‘The Republican judges looked at one another, and could not help smiling at thus finding themselves caught in their own trap. After some remarks upon the detestable education these fanatical Royalists gave their children, they let her have the pardon and sent her away.’

Agathe’s audience were a good deal cheered by this anecdote ; but their countenances fell when they heard that the stories must come to a close for to-day, for their friend was very busy.

‘Must we go, Agathe ?’ said Henri. ‘I wanted to hear your own adventures at Nantes, and how you got away.’

‘To-morrow, dear boy ; at present I have no time. Try and console yourselves by a talk to Albert ; you know he served in La Vendée.’

‘Oh ! I have very often lately,’ said Henri ; ‘and you know, Agathe, that both he and Jérôme served in the armies of the Empire afterwards ; only Jérôme adores the memory of the Emperor, and Albert doesn’t : his hero is Marshal Ney. I



say, Agathe, did you know that Albert stood by the side of "le plus brave des braves" at the defence of Kourno? But come, François,' said Henri, suddenly interrupting himself in this exceedingly discursive talk; and giving Agathe a vehement hug he ran out of the room, crying, 'Adieu, ma chère bonne petite femme!'

CHAPTER VI.

'WELL, my children,' began Agathe the following day, 'as I told you, I left my young mistress at Nort, and when I arrived at Nantes I was taken before General Lamberty, one of the most ferocious of Carrier's friends. Lamberty took a fancy to me, however, and said to me, "Are you afraid, brigand girl?" "No, General," I answered. "Well, when you are afraid, remember Lamberty," he replied. I was then taken to the Dépôt, that too-famous prison from whence so many hundreds were dragged, to be thrown into the Loire. I thought now that my fate was certain, and I sent for Lamberty. He did not disappoint me; he concealed me for a week, and then placed me under the protection of a man called Sullivan, who was suffering the most terrible remorse for having denounced his own brother to the Republicans, so that he was willing to save me. But I was exposed to many dangers after that, till

Robespierre's fall was known, and then I and many others obtained our liberty.'

'Was M. de la Rochejaquelein pardoned like the rest of the Vendéans at Robespierre's death, Agathe?' asked one of the boys.

'You shall hear presently what became of M. Henri; we have certainly parted from him for some time, but *un peu de patience, mes petits amis*, we shall soon return to him. You remember that Madame de Lescure could hear nothing for a long time of her father's fate. She heard at last that M. de Donnissan had collected together two hundred men and endeavoured to surprise Ancenis; they succeeded at first, but as they attempted to cross the Loire, the Republicans found out how few they were; they came back, attacked the Royalists furiously as they landed, and though the officers once cut their way through the enemy sword in hand, they were captured at last, taken to Angers, and shot. Both M. de Donnissan and M. de Lescure were the last of their race.

'The brave young Prince de Talmont was also taken at Laval, and, after being dragged about in triumph from city to city, was condemned to be executed in the courtyard of his own castle. He was a gallant, generous young man of five-and-

twenty, tall and distingué-looking, with rather a careless, off-hand manner. He was descended from one of the oldest families in France—from the princely line of La Trémouille. He showed the greatest firmness and dignity after his capture ; and his character stood out very nobly amid the insults he received from the Republican soldiery. As he stood up to receive the fatal shot, his judge said to him insolently, “ You are an aristocrat, I am a patriot.” “ Follow your trade, then,” the Prince calmly replied ; “ I have done my duty.”

‘ Some of the officers escaped, but many were taken, and died on the scaffold, amongst them little M. de Beauvolliers, the boy of fifteen who was with M. de Lescure when he fell. M. d’Elbée was all this time lying desperately wounded at Noirmoutiers, which is on an island of the same name near the mouth of the Loire ; his sufferings were so great that it was very doubtful whether he would ever recover. The Blues burst into his room and exclaimed, “ Here is d’Elbée !” “ Yes,” said the dying general, “ here is your bitterest enemy. If I had had strength enough to hold a musket, you would never have taken Noirmoutiers, or at least it would have cost you dear.” They kept him prisoner for five days, loading him all



the time with insults and outrages. He submitted to a long cross-examination with great patience and temper, but he at length could bear the torturing suspense no longer. "Gentlemen," he said, "I beseech you, let there be an end of this ; kill me at once." As he was quite unable to walk or stand, they placed him in a chair, and in this position shot him dead.'

'Poor M. d'Elbée!' said Henri, 'how bravely he died.'

'I will now tell you the history of M. de la Rochejaquelein, which you have certainly waited for with great patience. We left him, I think, separated from his army, with M. de Bauge, Stofflet, and M. de Langerie.'

'Yes! yes! it was at Ancenis, was it not? when he tried to seize the boats for his army to cross the Loire!' exclaimed the children.

'*Précisément, mes enfans.* The four chiefs kept together, and they wandered the whole of the day about the country without finding a single inhabitant; the Blues had burnt and desolated the whole face of the country. At length, at the end of twenty-four hours, they arrived at a small farmhouse, and, quite exhausted with fatigue, they threw themselves down on some straw. The next

instant the farmer came in to tell them that the Blues were close at hand, but they were so completely tired out that they could not be induced to move; and they quietly awaited their fate. The Blues came in, fortunately they were quite tired also; flinging themselves down on the other side of the heap of straw, which only separated them from their unconscious enemies, who were now slumbering profoundly, they were speedily as fast asleep as they. How little did they imagine what a prize was within their reach, and that the famous Henri de la Rochejaquelein, the general of the Vendean army, was within a few yards of them! The next morning M. de Bauge awoke his companions before daylight, and they resumed their wanderings over the deserted country, where they would certainly have died of hunger if they had not attacked some stragglers from the Republican army, and taken their bread. At last they arrived at Chatillon, and even got into the town in the night; the sentinel cried, "Qui vive!" they made no answer, and slipped away.'

'How vexed they must have been,' said François, 'not to be able to find the army.'

'M. de la Rochejaquelein and his friends went

to Saint Aubin, to his aunt, Mademoiselle de la Rochejaquelein, who was concealed there, and they passed three days with her. I have heard that poor M. Henri seemed quite beaten down, prostrated by the misfortunes which had happened, and the ruin of the cause; his only hope now seemed to be that he might fall in battle. His disastrous defeat at Le Mans, his separation from his army and his post, at such a dangerous and critical moment, made him feel that everything was against him. His extreme dejection must have been more painful to see, for his temperament was naturally so cheerful and hopeful. He now resolved, after getting all possible information about the state of the country, to show himself to his old friends in Poitou, collect the scattered remains of his followers, and fight once more at their head.

‘ At this moment he heard that M. de Charette was at Maulevrier, and he went there in the night with his three companions. He found the general sitting down to breakfast, and was coldly and unkindly received by him. M. de Charette did not even ask him to sit down; he made a few remarks about the campaign of our army, but appeared to take very little interest in the subject,

and M. Henri presently went away to get some breakfast, which he and his friends obtained at some of the peasants' cottages.'

'M. de Charette was not very kind to his old companions in arms,' said Henri. 'I wonder why he was so uncourteous.'

'It is not easy to imagine the reason of M. de Charette's cold behaviour, certainly, my dear boy, unless, as was reported, there had been some former jealousies among the chiefs. A few hours later the *rappel* was beaten for the little army to march; M. Henri went back to M. de Charette's quarters, and that officer said to him, "You are to follow me." "I am not accustomed to *follow*, Monsieur, but to be followed," answered M. Henri, and he turned upon his heel and walked away.'

'Oh! but I wish he had gone with M. de Charette,' said Victorine.

'Nonsense, Victorine,' said Henri, indignantly, 'he was quite right; he was commander-in-chief, wasn't he? Charette had no business to be so imperious to him. But go on, Agathe.'

'All the peasants from the neighbourhood of Châtillon and Chollet who had joined the army of M. de Charette, now left him immediately to gather round their beloved favourite before he had

even spoken to them. With this little troop he attacked the Blues at once. Night after night he surprised one post after another, perplexing and alarming the Blues very much, who thought he had several troops instead of only one. By-and-by M. Henri took up a position in the forest of Vesins, and made excursions from thence, surprising posts, pouncing upon convoys, and attacking and defeating scattered detachments. One day an adjutant-general, who had been taken prisoner, was led before him. The Republican officer stared in great astonishment at the appearance of the General of the Royal Army. He saw a pale, fair young man, coarsely dressed, with a rough peasant bonnet on his head, his arm in a sling, on account of his old wound, which want of rest had prevented from healing ; the only headquarters being a miserable hut of wattles. M. de la Rochejaquelein interrogated him, and then said, ' The council of the Royal Army finds you guilty.' The prisoner was shot immediately, and M. Henri soon proved that the sentence was just. He found upon the man an order to promise a general pardon to the peasants, and to massacre them as fast as they surrendered.

'By degrees M. Henri's troop increased in

numbers: they became masters of the country, but he was not yet strong enough to dare to attack the garrisoned towns of Mortagne and Châtillon, which he hoped soon to attempt. However, affairs seemed prospering; his naturally buoyant spirits began to rise, and he became more hopeful. At length—I think it was on the 25th of February, 1794—M. Henri had defeated a small body of Blues near Tremadine, and was marching after the combat towards Nouaillé, when he saw two Republican Grenadiers. His men wanted to pick them off, but M. Henri called out with his usual humanity,—

“No, no; I will see if they will parley first.”

‘He rode forward, holding out his hand and crying,—

“Yield yourselves: I give you quarter.”

‘Without replying, one of the Grenadiers turned round, levelled his carbine at the generous youth who offered him his life, and fired. The ball pierced the hero's forehead, and was instantaneously fatal. The Republican snatched his carbine from him and fired it at M. de Bauge and the others who came up at full speed at this moment. Their vengeance was prompt and complete; they cut the Grenadier to pieces with their sabres, and then in

bitter and despairing grief they buried their young leader, together with his murderer, in a hastily dug grave, for the enemy was quickly approaching.'

This melancholy catastrophe coming so suddenly upon Agathe's young hearers, struck them quite aghast, so that they seemed as much distressed and horrified as those loving friends who witnessed his terribly sudden death. Agathe continued,—

'Yes, that was the way our beloved M. Henri died, hardly one-and-twenty : one of the most distinguished, the bravest, the gentlest of the chiefs of La Vendée. He was the idol of his army : even lately, when the old Vendean peasants recollected the warmth and ardour of his character, his intrepid and indomitable courage, his modesty and sweetness of temper, his unaffected and engaging manner, and that touching mixture in his character of the hero, and as we say, "*bon enfant*," tears of emotion would glisten in their eyes as they spoke of him with mingled pride and love. Ask old Albert, M. le Comte, to tell you which general he followed (you know he was in the war of La Vendée), and see if his whole countenance does not light up with fire as he tells you how he served under *Monsieur Henri*.'

But our young Count was not in a condition to put questions to Albert or any one else just at that moment. He knew, indeed, that his illustrious uncle had fallen in the glorious cause ; but he had never realised the details of his early death so vividly, so that for the moment his manhood was fairly overcome. So he said nothing, and François crept up to him and threw his arm round his neck out of sympathy. Was it not a de Bauge who had avenged their hero's death ? But Agathe continued sadly, and more to herself than to the children,—

‘The noble, gallant boy ! I can see him now with that bright look of hope and enthusiasm with which he appeared before us after he had rescued us from our prison at Bressuire. Doubtless it was best as it was ; it was best that, like his sainted cousin, he should be early taken, since it was the good Lord's will ; for is it not written in that Holy Word, that “None considereth that the righteous are taken away from the evil to come ?” With our hero's death, my history of the War of La Vendée must cease, my children, unless you have any more questions to ask me about it, or if there is anything more you want to know.’

Henri, who had by this time recovered himself, raised his head, and said,—

‘ Oh, yes, Agathe ; you have not told us what became of M. de Marigny.’

Agathe shook her head sorrowfully. ‘ His fate was, I think, quite one of the most distressing incidents of this sad warfare. After his friend’s death he went towards Bressuire and collected the remnants of M. de Lescure’s army, who adored him ; for though he was merciless towards his enemies the Blues, no one could be kinder or more compassionate to his own people. He had one brilliant success ; he surprised the Blues in the avenues belonging to the ruined Château of Clisson, killed twelve hundred of their men, and had the satisfaction of driving out these interlopers from his lamented friend’s desolated home. Soldiers and officers from the two armies of M. de Charette and Stofflet began to flock to his standard, and those two leaders soon grew jealous of him. They in consequence proposed to M. de Marigny that the three divisions should join company : he agreed, and led his army on the appointed day to the rendezvous, rather a long and tedious march. When he arrived, Messieurs Stofflet and de Charette were serving out the rations to their men, and upon M. de Marigny asking for a portion for his own followers, they refused to give

him enough. The men grumbled, and being discontented besides at having to march such a distance from their quarters, they mutinied and went home again. M. de Marigny, seeing that the Council was not disposed to listen to his just complaints, flew into a passion, and departed after his troops to Cérizais. M. de Charette and Stofflet followed him; but when they arrived at Cérizais they found that he had left it, and his army had dispersed. Then they convoked a council of war, tried M. de Marigny, and condemned him to death for insubordination. M. de Charette pronounced the sentence.'

'What an abominable shame!' exclaimed all the four children at once.

'Yes; the peasants were furious at this wanton injustice, or rather mockery of justice, and they swore to defend their general. M. de Marigny himself was very unwell, and was reposing in a little country-house near Cérizais: he would not believe that the sentence would really be carried into effect, as he knew that his peasants were too much attached to him; besides, Stofflet had repeatedly told him that he was devoted to him. Under this impression he refused the entreaty of nine hundred of his own soldiers that he would



place himself at their head and attack Stofflet, as he was nobly unwilling to plunge the Vendéans into a civil war. M. de Marigny paid dear for his generous confidence. A few days afterwards Stofflet gave the order to some wretched German troops to arrest M. de Marigny and shoot him. They obeyed ; but when they entered his room the unfortunate general could not believe that such an atrocity was about to be committed. They soon convinced him, however, and rudely refusing his request that he might at least have the offices of a priest, they led him into the garden. His habitual courage never forsook him ; turning to the soldiers, he said, with great dignity,—

“It is for me to command you. Chasseurs, fall into your ranks ! Present ! Fire !” And he fell dead.’

‘He was a great villain, that Charette !’ said the boys, indignantly.

‘The death of M. de Marigny, which was neither more nor less than a murder, is a stain upon his character certainly, though I am inclined to think Stofflet was most to blame. M. de Charette had many good qualities ; he was a very able general, and possessed marvellous patience and

perseverance ; but his temper was jealous and imperious.

‘ M. de Marigny was very much regretted ; he was so careful of the comfort of his men, and was constantly inventing methods for alleviating the sufferings of the peasants caused by the devastations of the Republicans. Stofflet was detested in proportion ever after.

‘ After this transaction, M. de Charette and Stofflet joined their forces ; but they never could agree, and the war had now changed its character. The “ Noyades ” of Nantes were avenged by the cruelties of the peasants ; indeed they were driven mad by the atrocities of the Republicans. Troops of gens d’armes sent by the Government, and called by the people the “ infernal columns,” ravaged the whole country, massacring every human being they could lay their hands on. We cannot refuse the tribute of admiration which M. de Charette’s conduct deserved at this time for the courage and constancy with which he held his ground. Never depressed, never disheartened, he was always to be seen cheering his troops, and leading them on in the face of the most tremendous obstacles. Nor must we forget that, as he was the first to draw his

sword for his sovereign, so, long after our heroes and their army were no more, did M. de Charette, wounded, with only a dozen companions, pursued from one asylum to another, inspire the Republicans with such a terror of his name that they offered him a million of francs and a free passage to England if he would lay down his arms; yet that he chose rather to maintain the unequal contest till he was taken prisoner and dragged to the scaffold.'

'Yes, yes,' said Henri, 'one certainly must admire him: what courage those Vendean heroes had!'

'What became of Stofflet, Agathe?' asked Regnault.

'He was guillotined with M. de Charette. But he was a harsh, brutal man; the peasants never liked him, and his fate inspired but little pity or regret. He had some military talents, however.'

'Have you anything more to tell us of grand-mamma, Agathe?'

'When Madame presented herself for a passport upon leaving Nantes, she was most favourably received; everybody called her "Madame," instead

of "Citoyenne," as the rule was now. All this was because she was a Royalist and the widow of M. de Lescure, while the good Republicans who came on the same errand were pushed about and treated in the rudest manner. She was obliged, however, to leave France, and she spent some time on the frontiers of Spain. Her mother, however, obtained leave for her to return. She lost her remaining twin-daughter, poor thing! just as she had reached that age when children begin to be engaging, and just as the young mother hoped to see her again. Little Louise was her only remaining one: her eldest little girl, whom you remember she had confided to the care of a peasant during the painful march from Le Mans, had died some time before, so that she was now childless. Madame, after being again obliged to leave France for ten months, finally returned when affairs had become more settled, to her former home, where she had passed her short married life. The affection and reverence with which she was received in Poitou, where the memory of M. le Marquis was so deeply loved and honoured, touched her greatly. Her mother was extremely anxious that she should marry again, for she was not three-and-twenty: she was, however,

extremely unwilling, by changing her name, to break off all the sweet yet mournful associations with which it was connected. She could not, therefore, listen to her mother's proposal till she received the offer of the hand of M. Louis de la Rochejaquelein, the brother of M. Henri. By marrying this youth she felt that she united two names which ought not to remain separated, and which had always been coupled together by the brotherlike affection of the two heroes who bore them. In 1802 Madame la Marquise married your grandfather, M. Louis de la Rochejaquelein.'

'Well,' said Henri, 'I am very sorry your history is over, Agathe; can you tell us nothing more about grandmamma or my grandfather?'

'Well, my dear boy, I don't think I have anything to tell you further than what you must know already about them. Your grandfather came forward at the time of the Restoration, and was very active in securing the town of Bordeaux for Louis XVIII. His proclamation to the Vendéans on that occasion, in which he quoted the memorable words of his heroic brother, 'Si j'avance, suivez moi; si je recule, tuez moi; si je mœurs, vengez moi,' was very eloquent, and made a great impres-

sion. But, alas! the fate of M. Louis was like that of his brother and of his cousin; as you know, M. Henri, your grandfather was killed in a skirmish when Napoleon returned from Elba and established the "Government of the Hundred Days," as it was called. His son was a child at the time of his death. After the battle of Waterloo, and the final return of the princes of Bourbon, the King wrote to Madame la Marquise, now a widow for the second time, to express his sympathy and gratitude for all that she and her husband had suffered, and to present to the young marquis a sword in commemoration of the services of his gallant relatives. The regiment of Guards which M. Louis de la Rochejaquelein had commanded, moreover, begged to offer to Madame the standards of their troop, on which the King had inscribed the simple motto, "Vendée, Bordeaux, Vendée," in order to indicate the different places in which the families of Lescure and de la Rochejaquelein had shed their blood for their sovereign.

'But, dear children, do you see how late it is? You must go now. Madame la Marquise will be wondering what has become of you. Good-night, my dear ones, and M. Henri, my darling,' continued

Agathe, kissing her favourite's forehead, 'I hope, if I live, I may see you one day as like my beloved Monsieur Henri in mind and heart as you promise to be, and as you are now in face.'

THE END.

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